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MR. BRIGHT AND LORD PALMERSTON.

MR. BRIGHT'S American clients have little reason to thank him for his advocacy. The *Trent* affair is at an end, and Englishmen in general have no ungenerous wish to revive the controversy. The dispute has cost a million, in addition to any commercial loss which may have been incurred; and it is agreed by common consent that the money has been well laid out in securing peace. The Government demanded redress for the outrage which had been offered to the British flag, and provided at the same time for the defence of Canada; or, according to Mr. BRIGHT's version, a polite message was sent to a friend, and a man of portentous strength, wielding a gigantic club, was employed to make every kind of ferocious gesticulation. It is not easy to prove which of the two agents is entitled to the credit of the satisfactory result. Perhaps M. THOUVENEL might dispute, with a certain show of reason, the exclusive claim either of the Foreign Office or of the Horse Guards. Mr. BRIGHT, however, is certain, not only that the captives of the *Trent* would have been delivered up on a simple request, but that the only risk of a refusal arose from the English preparations for war. In that fortunate country, where there is no mob outside, because the doors of the Constitution are open to admit it, "every man who felt himself aggrieved or humiliated by the course taken by Her Majesty's Government, asked himself, 'Shall I gain anything by this surrender, or shall I wait for some other opportunity for the action of "hostility so apparent?"' Perhaps, after all, it was as well to be prepared for the contingency of a quarrel with a nation of so delicate a susceptibility. It was impossible to feel certain that offence might not be taken if the English lamb disturbed the stream by drinking still lower down its current. A little before the boarding of the *Trent*, Mr. SEWARD had publicly recommended that the frontier should be fortified against an imaginary English invasion; yet it never occurred either to Mr. BRIGHT or to any of his countrymen to feel aggrieved and humiliated by the challenge, or to resent it by a deliberate denial of justice. Whatever preparations were made in England, it was equally the duty of the Government at Washington to offer reparation for an indefensible outrage; and Mr. BRIGHT believes "that on this question, as on some others, and on this more than others, there is no other powerful Government in the world that is so uniformly disposed to abide as far as possible by known and defined laws as the Government of the United States; and when I heard that this demand had been made, with my knowledge of their previous course in respect to these questions, I had no doubt whatever that the matter would be amicably arranged, except that the menaces from this side might make it difficult for them to concede the demand of HER MAJESTY'S Government."

The necessity of the surrender is of course referred, according to Mr. SUMNER's theory, to American principles and practice. The American law, in truth, is precisely the same with the English, although Mr. SEWARD's interpretation would introduce intolerable oppression to neutrals. Mr. SUMNER's speech is one of the most offensive and unjust of all the attempts which have been made to obscure and embitter the dispute, and all its arguments were diametrically opposed to the official despatch which purported to explain the surrender of the captives. Mr. BRIGHT neglects to explain whether his confidence in a satisfactory result was founded on his agreement with Mr. SEWARD or with Mr. SUMNER; and it is at least unlucky that, as long as the discussion was pending, he kept his certainty to himself. When the news of the outrage arrived, Mr. BRIGHT's organ maintained that the whole transaction was strictly legal; and when it became impossible to sustain the extreme American pretensions, Mr. BRIGHT himself, with all his adhe-

rents, insisted on arbitration, which was wholly unnecessary if it was certain that Captain WILKES would be disavowed. It is also remarkable that the intuitive knowledge of the future which ought to have prevented the despatch of a single regiment to Canada was exclusively confined to the English friends of the Federal Government. Massachusetts was not in the secret when Boston and all the principal towns in the State presented their freedom to the officer who had, in their opinion, inflicted a deliberate insult on England. The House of Representatives was not in the secret when it voted thanks to Captain WILKES. The Secretary of the Navy was in the dark when he approved of the conduct of his subordinate; and the PRESIDENT himself was blind to his own proximate proceedings when he affixed his seal in token of approval to Mr. WELLES's report. The whole press of the Northern States, with all its knowledge of American principles and practice, arrived at a conclusion precisely opposite to that conviction which Mr. BRIGHT cherished in unbroken silence. As far as it was possible to judge, the nation unanimously repudiated the surrender of the prisoners until it heard of the warlike preparations which, in Mr. BRIGHT's opinion, alone rendered a refusal of satisfaction possible. Then, indeed, the press changed its tone; Governors and Judges ceased to bluster against the British Lion; the House of Representatives rejected by a large majority a repetition of its previous vote; and the PRESIDENT assented to the just and reasonable policy which he may possibly have favoured for the first.

On one point, even Mr. BRIGHT's sagacity forsook him; or rather he made two mistakes — one of fact and the other of principle — which fortunately neutralized one another. Believing that the Federal Government would do justice, at any cost, to its own feelings, he erroneously supposed that Mr. MASON and Mr. SLIDELL were "perhaps more hateful to them than any other two individuals in the world." Mr. SEWARD, on the other hand, declares that the prisoners were personally insignificant, and he is careful to explain that, if they had been sufficiently obnoxious and dangerous, he would have kept them at all hazards, although their character had assuredly nothing to do with the justice of the English demands. If the American Secretary of State had not provided himself with means of escape from the consequences of his own pretensions, he would have furnished Mr. BRIGHT with an opportunity of correcting another erroneous impression. At present, the great admirer of America is shocked with the absurdity of believing that Mr. SEWARD can at any time have meditated a war. "Mr. SEWARD cannot make war. The PRESIDENT himself cannot make war; Mr. SEWARD and the PRESIDENT together cannot make war;" and it is inferred that therefore war could not be made. But Mr. SEWARD and the PRESIDENT could have refused redress for Captain WILKES's delinquency, and if they had been guilty of such an act, the war would have made itself. Any Government or portion of a Government which has the power of adopting or disavowing an act of violence, has the power of rendering war inevitable. There is now reason to believe that Mr. SEWARD produced a false impression by the unusual and arrogant tone of his diplomatic communications. His object was not to prepare for war, but to extort concessions, and his failure at almost every Court in Europe seems to have taught him the expediency of employing courteous language, and of abstaining from unreasonable pretensions. When, in the early part of his official career, he threatened half the Powers in the world with the vengeance of his Government, he can scarcely have adopted Mr. BRIGHT's literal interpretation of the Federal Constitution.

Lord PALMERSTON's task in answering Mr. BRIGHT was only too easy. There is little gratification in addressing universally accepted truisms to an audience which is con-

vinced beforehand. If the North American mob is not a mob, but a part of the self-governing community, it follows that the sovereign people deliberately adopted the act of Captain WILKES. Their applause of the insult to the English flag assumed that the act was an insult, and, therefore, that it was illegal; and as Mr. BRIGHT objects to any distinction between the populace and the Government, he ought to admit that the PRESIDENT and his Cabinet might be reasonably expected to concur in the only sentiments which were uttered on the platform or by the press. It is within his knowledge that Federal agents in England declared that the prisoners could never be given up; and the vigorous preparations for war, backed by the attitude of the French Government, are universally regarded as the main causes of the surrender. All English parties are in this matter practically of one mind, because they all regard the interests and honour of their own country. Mr. BRIGHT, on the other hand, has, perhaps unconsciously, identified himself with a foreign faction engaged in a bitter struggle. In his partisan fury he asserts that the South, by keeping 4,000,000 of human beings in slavery, commits the greatest crime recorded in history. A year ago, the model Republic of his enthusiasm and aspirations was responsible for the slave laws which are still incorporated in the Constitution; but as Mr. BRIGHT has, in his zeal for Northern democracy, become an advocate of war, and an apologist for national debts and protective tariffs, he can scarcely be expected to treat the slave-owners, who are now his enemies, with justice or candour.

LORD CLARENDON AND COUNT CAVOUR.

THE hand that stripped off the veil of privacy from the memory of CAVOUR has had no reason to rejoice in its work. If it was the hand of a friend, the result has only been to show that a man who does a great work must often make mistakes, misjudge his contemporaries, and overcome scruples that perplex ordinary people. If it was the hand of an enemy, the result has been to show that CAVOUR triumphed in spite of difficulties—some of them created by himself—which other men would have found overwhelming. In any case, the rule that forbids the disclosure of the secrets of the living, or the recently dead, has only received new confirmation. It is impossible that we should now understand the whole career and character of CAVOUR; and we feel at once that it would be unfair to allow any partial revelations to diminish or augment the esteem in which we hold him. We cannot get at the truth of very complicated facts that happened only five or six years ago. Lord CLARENDON has thought it due to himself to explain that many of the opinions and promises attributed to him by Count CAVOUR were the creatures of the ardent fancy of a man whose mind was bent on a single subject. The English Minister thought he was being civil and kind and was gossiping in an easy, unofficial manner, and CAVOUR thought he was ascertaining the views and securing the support of England. Lord CLARENDON has naturally resented the imputation of taking on himself an authority which did not belong to him. It was not for him to say what England would do, or how England felt; and he was more especially startled at the statement that he had even agreed in the expediency of landing English troops at Spezzia. Of course, he is quite right to put himself straight with his colleagues and his countrymen on these points; but still, although CAVOUR was undoubtedly mistaken, we cannot think he was altogether mistaken, or that his error was not a very natural one. He did receive a very considerable amount of encouragement from Lord CLARENDON. It is impossible to read Lord CLARENDON's account of what took place without feeling that he shared CAVOUR's regret at the meagre results of the long and angry discussion that had been held on the position of Italy. He, as well as CAVOUR, had sustained something of a defeat; and defeat in a common cause produces a very natural sympathy. He knew that CAVOUR was not only dissatisfied with the result of the discussion in the Congress, but he had been assured by CAVOUR himself that it was impossible for him to face the Italian Parliament without having achieved something more. The something more that CAVOUR hoped to achieve was to obtain the encouragement of England and France in his project of getting the Austrians out of Italy. He did not expect to have war then and there declared against Austria, but he hoped to be able to assure his friends that he had obtained substantial pledges of support in high quarters at London and Paris. Knowing this, Lord

CLARENDON represented to him that one of the leading objects of English policy was to "free Italy from foreign occupation." It can scarcely be wondered that an Italian who heard this would consider that he had got something more from the representative of England than he had got from the general resolution of the Congress. But CAVOUR was not satisfied with this. He went on to inquire whether he was likely to get something more tangible and efficacious than "moral support." He knew that a very little would make Austria attack Piedmont, if only she dared; and he calculated that he could at any time play the game which he actually played successfully in 1859, and make Austria the aggressor. He accordingly asked Lord CLARENDON what England would do if Austria attacked Piedmont, in order to destroy Piedmontese liberty. Lord CLARENDON replied that CAVOUR would, in such a case, have "practical proof of the feeling of the Parliament and the people of Great Britain." It must be remembered when, and by whom, and to whom this was said, and we can then scarcely consider CAVOUR a visionary or an enthusiast for thinking that a war for the liberation of Italy would be popular in England.

Lord CLARENDON's explanation makes it easy to understand why it is that foreigners are so often puzzled and mortified by English diplomacy. While CAVOUR thought that the English Plenipotentiary was making promises and holding out bright hopes, Lord CLARENDON felt himself perfectly safe. He was protected by a tacit and perpetual appeal to a standard which could not fail him. He knew that he was limited by the traditional policy of England. There is a common basis of diplomacy on which all Ministries alike have to build their acts; and it seems as if, on most great questions of foreign policy, the particular Ministry of the day is bound by a spell which makes them act just as their predecessors have acted and as their opponents would act. All English Ministers feel irresistibly obliged to deal with Continental nations under the influence of the two primary principles of keeping up the position of England and of abiding by existing treaties. They find in the guarantee of solemn engagements the best security for a nation which has nothing to gain by change, which has fought hard to establish what is established, and which sees in good faith the foundation of credit and the assurance of peace. An English nobleman holding high office is imbued with notions traditional in the circle in which he is born, and assumed in every conversation that he can recollect from boyhood. It seems impossible to him that any one can take anything he says as abstracted from the fundamental notions of foreign policy which he holds to be involved in the mere fact that a representative of England is a party to the discussion. Lord CLARENDON knew that he was under a restraint which would keep him from seriously committing himself to Count CAVOUR. He was so firmly persuaded that he must have given vent to some of the platitudes which naturally arise in the mind of the English official that he even directed a search to be made in the Foreign-office, in the confident hope that he must have offered CAVOUR some of those stock remarks about the adherence of England to treaties which would have guarded him at the time from being misunderstood, and would now relieve him from the imputation of rashness. It was with a well-grounded surprise that he had to inform his hearers that the search had proved ineffectual. Impossible as it might appear, he had not embodied in writing any of the obvious common-places which should have been uttered as the legitimate dampers of CAVOUR's enthusiasm. But he spoke to an audience that understood what he meant; and his hearers were quite ready to go with him when he assumed, as a matter of course, that the attitude he had really taken towards CAVOUR was one quite consistent with the traditional policy to which both sides of the House are supposed to cling with equal tenacity.

If it were really certain that this traditional policy of England alone operated to determine her relations with foreign Powers, no guide could be simpler in calculating what she would do. If no English interests were menaced, there would be nothing to do but to look to existing treaties, and the policy of England would be anticipated by the same rules of interpretation that enable us to anticipate the decisions of a legal tribunal. But this is notoriously not the case. We do not go to war or maintain peace by rule of thumb. It is often exceedingly difficult for an Englishman, and almost impossible for a foreigner, to understand why we go to war, or who it is that decides that war shall be made. Sometimes, as in the case of Lord PALMERSTON's Chinese war, it is the Ministry that makes the

nation fight. Sometimes, as in the crisis when the French colonels so nearly brought on a collision between England and France, it is the people that insist on a warlike policy from which their rulers recoil. Sometimes we allow treaties to be infringed; sometimes we treat the infraction of a treaty as the most flagrant of crimes. Austria was pardoned for appropriating Cracow, while Russia, by seizing the Principalities, roused England to arms. In 1849, we looked with apathy on the Russian interference in Hungary, whereas now there is scarcely any quarrel in which England would be so ready to fight as one provoked by a compact between Austria and Russia to blot out the liberties of Hungary in blood. Foreigners see all this, and are puzzled. Englishmen feel all this, and as they feel they talk. It is impossible that if those who talk hold high office, and are in immediate relations with the head of the Government, their talk should not be accepted as an indication of what England will really do. Although Lord CLARENDON and Lord MALMESBURY would probably profess, and would profess with sincerity, to be guided by the same general principles, yet their unanimity obviously admits a great latitude of difference. Lord CLARENDON was quite at liberty to say all he did, but in saying it he expressed strongly one mode of viewing Italian affairs. As it is the view which we are convinced is the right one, we cannot regret that he held, and that he expressed it. But it was a much more important matter than he appears or affects to think, that, at the particular moment of his colloquies with CAVOUR, he thought and talked as he did. It is obvious that, whether intentionally or not, Lord CLARENDON impelled CAVOUR forward in the audacious enterprise on which he was bent. He returned to Turin satisfied that he had done something, and Lord CLARENDON was the chief agent in producing this conviction. Ever since the Peace of Paris, Piedmont has found a substantial support in the countenance of England; and when Lord MALMESBURY came into office, the work had been done too effectually to be undone, and Austria would never believe that even a Tory Ministry either could or would support her. The final effect of reading all that CAVOUR wrote and Lord CLARENDON said is to inspire a belief that, while Lord CLARENDON was guilty of no official indiscretion, his tone and language were such as in fact to give CAVOUR encouragement sufficient to produce great results, and that it was by no means a violent strain on Lord CLARENDON'S words to deduce this encouragement from them.

THE MEXICAN INTERVENTION.

THE project of placing an Austrian Archduke on a throne to be erected in Mexico, if not the greatest, the best, or the worst of modern enterprises, is perhaps the oddest. The tendency of mankind to fall back on a system of hereditary succession seems as ineradicable as the characteristics of the original rock pigeon in all Mr. DARWIN'S far-descended varieties of the bird. Not that the House of Austria has a forcible claim to any succession in Mexico, but it is understood by common consent that candidates for new crowns can only be selected from the Royal caste of Europe. When the kingdom of Greece was established, Prince LEOPOLD of Saxe-Coburg, then recently affiliated to the Royal family of England, was selected as the fittest founder of a dynasty; and on his unfortunate refusal, the protecting Powers made a less felicitous choice in the ancient and reigning House of Wittelsbach. King LEOPOLD now occupies an easier seat at Brussels, with a reasonable prospect of transmitting his honours to his descendants. The selection of a candidate from the same class to rule the Danubian Principalities has only been prevented by the determination of the English Government to maintain the subjection of the provinces to the Turkish Crown; and it is understood that Colonel COUZA represents the partial independence which would ripen into perfect sovereignty under the auspices of a Prince born in the purple. The BONAPARTES and the BERNADOTTES, dating from an era of conquest and revolution, are the only modern members of the family of kings. The only crowned head in the New World is, in his own person, the true representative of the ancient House of BRAGANZA. During the Mexican revolution, a considerable party judiciously desired to found a monarchy under one of the Spanish princes, but the Government of Madrid refused to sanction the scheme. ITURBIDE found that an empire under a private adventurer was as ephemeral an institution as a South American Republic. If a kingdom is really to be set up in that distracted country, it is probably prudent to

import a supply of the original *virus* which circulates in the veins of European Royalty; and the Archduke MAXIMILIAN is perhaps as desirable as any rival candidate, if it is true that the Mexicans entertain an inveterate dislike to the Spanish BOURBONS. The stock of HAPSBURG-LORRAINE, with all its faults, is preferable to the Neapolitan family, and dynastic antipathies necessarily exclude from competition the able and unemployed princes of the House of ORLEANS. The Archduke is said to possess a promising character and fair abilities, and if the Mexicans have any regard for the original conquerors, they may welcome a prince who can trace his descent through FERDINAND the First of Austria, through PHILIP the Third of Spain, and perhaps by other channels, from FERDINAND and ISABELLA.

In ancient Greece, when a Dorian colony was about to be founded, the oracle of Delphi generally required that the leader of the expedition should belong to the family of the HERACLIDÆ. An Austrian Archduke will enjoy similar facilities for conveying across the ocean some sparks of the sacred fire of Royalty; but the mysterious responses of the Tuileries are not supposed to relate exclusively to the destinies of Mexico. The device of solving, by a single operation, the Mexican and the Italian complication will be acknowledged as a masterpiece of ingenuity, if only it proves successful. Yet the exchange of Venetia for a remote sovereignty in the West would be a sufficiently strange transaction, if the equivalent were offered to the litigant who is to be dispossessed by his own consent. The abstraction of a part of the Austrian Empire, in consideration of an appanage for a cadet of the reigning family, can only be proposed on the assumption that the Austrian territories belong to the House of HAPSBURG, and not to the collective nation. The proprietary doctrine is by no means new, although it might perhaps have been regarded as obsolete. Almost all European kingdoms are but the estates which different potentates have accumulated or kept together by conquest, marriage, and inheritance. Lorraine was originally the property of LOTHAIRE, and when, after many centuries, it was annexed to France, the dispossessed dynasty was provided with a new dominion in the heart of Italy. Austria itself is the result of marriage settlements. The petty Saxon Duchies represent the effect of gavelkind, as compared with the primogeniture of Brandenburg. Great Britain was only united when the succession of England devolved by inheritance on the King of Scotland. The belief that kingdoms are but the appendages of kings was rudely shaken by the great revolutionary war, and at the resettlement of Europe the Congress of Vienna adopted a mixed principle of family claims, more or less combined and reconciled with political expediency. Austria and Prussia were strengthened, and the Kingdom of the Netherlands was created for the purpose of balancing the exorbitant power of France; while provision was made, as far as possible, in various parts of Germany and Italy, for the numerous princes who had legitimate pretensions to sovereignty. It was generally supposed that the subsequent lapse of half a century had finally established the right of States to a substantive existence; but the Mexico-Venetian contrivance recurs to the theory of sovereign and irresponsible ownership.

The Austrians might, perhaps, be well advised in getting rid of a possession which costs more than it is worth in money, and far more in danger. If it is thought less undignified to connect a removal of the boundaries of the Empire with the institution of a HAPSBURG Kingdom on the other side of the world, foreigners who only wish to see the Italian question peaceably settled have little ground for complaint or criticism. The occupation of governing mongrel Spaniards and pure-blooded Indians scarcely seems attractive, but perhaps even Austrian traditions may be enlightened innovations in Mexico. The process by which the feeling of the natives is to be enlisted in support of European state-craft will be disclosed at the proper time. A display of force, together with a distribution of money, for the most part ensures the smooth working of universal suffrage even in countries with a more creditable history; and it is probable that a sufficient number of patriots has already been retained to ensure an outburst of popular enthusiasm for the Archduke, as soon as circumstances favour his appearance. It might have been thought that a Spaniard would have been preferred to an absolute stranger, but it seems that the old colonial government and the civil war have left behind feelings of irreconcilable hostility. Knowing nothing whatever of Austria, the Mexicans will have no definite objection to the Archduke MAXIMILIAN; and the French, who will be the patrons of the new candidate, may perhaps be respected as

the protectors of the people against a more unpalatable choice. If the doubtful rumour of a defeat sustained by the Spanish troops were confirmed, the disaster would be endured with fortitude in England. The success of French policy would be less unwelcome, especially if it involved as its consequence the consolidation of the Italian Kingdom; yet it is difficult to believe that the Emperor NAPOLEON intends to incur so much trouble and expense without some prospect of advantage. On the whole, perhaps, peace would be most effectually promoted by abstinence from unnecessary wars.

The share of England in the joint expedition is not altogether dignified or satisfactory. It seems to have been understood that the Spanish intervention was connected with questionable designs, which were to be checked by the friendly and vigilant cooperation of the French and English forces. The original suspicion has been confirmed by the premature activity of the Spanish commander; and Lord RUSSELL is justly displeased with the unexpected magnitude of the forces which are employed both by France and Spain without the previous assent of England. The fleet which is sent to enforce compliance with just demands against the existing Government virtually forms part of the armaments which are intended to establish an entirely new and untried system. There is reason to believe that all the military leaders of factions will combine to resist foreign invaders, and no vote which may be afterwards dictated by French or Spanish generals will prove that the Republic has died a natural death. The interests of British traders and residents would undoubtedly be promoted by the creation of a Monarchy, or of any other form of government which could preserve order and keep its engagements; yet, for a time at least, a King of Mexico might be as difficult to deal with as a native Mexican President. The new Government could not be pressed or menaced without endangering its existence, and giving just offence to the protecting Powers. It is not likely that its authority would be practically recognised in the outlying provinces, and there would be imminent danger of foreign war as soon as the Northern Federation of the United States was at leisure from its present contest. All Americans will resent the opportunity which has been taken to effect a considerable revolution without the participation of the Power which is still the greatest on the Western Continent; and in the conflicts and confusion which may ensue, English interests may be as gravely compromised as if JUAREZ and MIRAMON were still fighting for supremacy and plunder. While the French and Spanish armies are marching on the capital, there will be no Government to satisfy the English demands, and consequently the pressure which the squadron is intended to apply will necessarily fail to produce an immediate result. An idea, even in the shape of the Archduke MAXIMILIAN, is not an adequate compensation for a considerable outlay.

THE ADDRESSES OF THE FRENCH LEGISLATURE.

THERE are plenty of signs that the French EMPEROR is becoming weary in the extreme of his position at Rome. His hesitation or patience has, up to the present time, been probably caused by his ignorance of the course which the POPE intended to follow. In spite of all discouragements, the French Government may have entertained a hope that, if the people who have influence at the Papal Court could once be persuaded that nothing would be done for them by foreign Powers, they would allow their master to come to terms with the Italians. But the Cardinals have now clearly made up their minds that this policy will not suit them. Since the conversation between the French Minister and Cardinal ANTONELLI, it has become plain that the Court of Rome is of opinion that the consequences of defying the EMPEROR are not so very terrible, or, at all events, that they are not worse than the humiliation of submission to Italian law. The EMPEROR will either withdraw his troops or leave them. If the French depart, the POPE and Cardinals must of course go too; but they go to an opulent exile in some Catholic country, preserving a chance of restoration, which they must surrender for ever if they place themselves under the Italian Government. On the other hand, if the foreign occupation continues, they remain in a situation much less intolerable than would be inferred from the piteous language which their partisans employ. It is generally understood that they are in no want of money. The Peter's Pence go far to indemnify them for the loss of revenue from the provinces beyond the Apennines, and the stream of devout subscriptions is said to have given no sign as yet

of becoming scanty or shallow. In fact, enough is known of the persons who alone could bring about an arrangement with the Italians to make it certain that no arrangement whatever will be effected. The POPE, in his present mood of mind, is thoroughly convinced that the abandonment of his temporal sovereignty would be a sin. There is, doubtless, more than one person at Rome who could alter his persuasion with very little trouble, but the very men who could do this have the strongest interest in not doing it. For, though the POPE would doubtless be treated with the most delicate consideration if Rome were given up, it does not follow that all who have served him have a right to expect the same lenity. In Rome itself there would assuredly be an outcry against certain great personages as soon as the French were out of the city. It is not necessary to put absolute faith in the scandalous stories of great fortunes which the Cardinal Secretary of State and others are said to owe to questionable arts or equivocal speculations, but it must be recollected that the very currency of such stories ensures some uncomfortable investigations whenever the long-suffering Romans are at liberty to say what they please. Cardinal ANTONELLI, governing a little State protected by French regiments, is still a powerful functionary. Cardinal ANTONELLI, attached to the exiled POPE's Court near Madrid or Munich, would, if report is to be trusted, be not only an interesting victim of persecution, but one of the largest fundholders in Europe. But Cardinal ANTONELLI, once a subject of the King of ITALY, would be in some danger of a just or unjust prosecution for malversation, and at any rate would hear very unpleasant things from an enfranchised press.

The knowledge which those who are in the habit of seeing the Emperor of the FRENCH have acquired, that he is beginning to lose patience at the state of affairs in Rome, is likely to produce an exciting discussion during the deliberations of the Chambers on the Address. The draft-address submitted to the Senate by the officials merely hints discontent at the Papal obstinacy, but it is known that Prince NAPOLEON intends to bring the real question on the carpet by moving an amendment which will suggest that Rome ought to be evacuated; and a clause to the same effect will also be moved in the Legislative Body. The document proposed by M. TROPLONG has no doubt been concerted with the EMPEROR, and, in its hesitating vagueness, very probably reflects his present frame of mind; but sufficient information has now been collected concerning his singular character to acquaint us that his moments of energetic action are always preceded in secret by long periods of doubt and hesitation; nor is there any safer conclusion about him than that, when he shows he is doubting, the world may be prepared to see a blow struck. Prince NAPOLEON, who has often seemed to anticipate the projects growing in his cousin's mind, is very likely to have discerned the resolution which is being shaped with reference to this matter, and is not unnaturally trying to clear the way before it. The PRINCE's wish to help the Italians is probably sincere enough; nor is the assistance which he has it in its power to give without its value. While he shares with other members of his family the scientific tastes attributed to him, he is the only BONAPARTE who has ever given proof of oratorical ability, and in any assembly he would be sure to command a hearing. In the Senate, composed of paid dependents of the EMPEROR, his position, quite as much as his eloquence, enables him to overpower opposition; but his speeches are extensively circulated among the public outside, and the not inconsiderable force of his language and reasoning produces an appreciable effect.

It is now generally acknowledged that his speech of last year did very great damage to the priestly party. The ultra-religious circles of Paris flattered themselves that he was more than answered by the young Catholic orators who distinguished themselves in the Legislative Body; but the opposite opinion has since prevailed. The truth is, that liberal and anti-Catholic feeling is still deeply rooted in France, and is only suppressed by the timidity which has become a malady of French national character. A declamation against the POPE by a Prince of the Imperial blood is more than enough to give vigour to the old sentiment. It was doubted, indeed, for a while last spring, when a certain sensation was made by the speeches of M. KELLER and other Catholic deputies from the East of France, whether the Government would be able to dispense with the aid of the priestly interest without openly throwing itself on the Liberals; but some decisive experiments on public opinion have been tried since then, and it has been proved, by the results of several elections,

that Government influence has been rather increased than otherwise by breaking with the Ultramontanes. There is much reason for thinking that Prince NAPOLEON, combining Imperialism as he does with strong dislike of the POPE, and with a decided leaning towards a liberal foreign policy, is very much a representative of the prevalent condition of French opinion.

Nobody need be surprised if the French Ministers who answer Prince NAPOLEON and M. KONIGSWARTER, while deprecating any change in the draft-addresses, let fall expressions more menacing to the Court of ROME than appear in any of their paragraphs. All that can be expected at present is, perhaps, an admission that the occupation cannot last much longer. The debate must necessarily take a turn which will render it imperative for the Government to say something on the point. The great subject for discussion is the new financial policy, and it will be idle for the Ministers to promise thrift in future if no pledge can be given for the retrenchment of the most indefensible of the outlays to be provided for in the Budget. The Government has already proposed to make the Senate apologize for the new taxes demanded, arguing, in lieu of a better plea for them, that they might be worse than they are. Finance is the one subject on which the Lower Chamber has always seemed inclined to assert its powers, and its members will certainly discuss the propriety of the proposed imposts fully and seriously. It will be difficult to obtain even from bodies constituted like these an express approval of fresh taxation, unless the guarantees given for economy are reasonable in themselves and precisely stated. So long as the occupation of Rome was merely provisional, the heavy expense it entails was not complained of by the deputies; but the POPE has now plainly stated to the EMPEROR by Cardinal ANTONELLI that, so far as he is concerned, he will do nothing to terminate or diminish it. What the French Legislative Body has therefore now to decide is whether the French nation, at the moment when it is to be more heavily taxed than ever, is to take upon itself for a perpetuity the cost of maintaining the POPE in Rome.

THE LAND TRANSFER BILL.

LORD WESTBURY is now in a position to gratify the desire which he has so often publicly expressed of rectifying some of the strange anomalies of English law, and reforming, if not reconstructing, much of our feudalized system on a more symmetrical plan. Few Chancellors have been ambitious of the reputation of law reformers, and fewer still have found the tone of professional opinion sufficiently liberal to encourage any serious efforts in this direction. A vague popular discontent with some parts, and not always the worst parts, of the law, has perhaps at all times existed, and must probably continue, even though the principles and machinery of the law should really become the perfection of reason. But this uninstructed feeling is of little use to a reformer; and it is only of late years that a really intelligent desire, on the part of those who understand the law, to do what may be done to improve it, has sprung up. Whatever obstruction self-interest may create, the CHANCELLOR may safely calculate on the candid support of all that is most influential in the legal profession, if he shall succeed in introducing measures which are not only sound in theory, but feasible in practice.

Lord WESTBURY has been bold in commencing his career as a reforming Chancellor by grappling with the most important and the most difficult problem which the law presents. The unusual circumstance that a single measure of law reform is the only promise of legislation which the Government has held out may be taken as an assurance that Lord WESTBURY will have an energetic support from the Cabinet. Even after their successful display of armed diplomacy, and with the distraction in prospect of the Great Exhibition, the Ministry can hardly hope to weather the session with credit if they fail in their single project of legislation. The one ewe lamb, we may be sure, is not to be massacred with the innocents if by any means its life can be saved. The temper of the Opposition is also favourable to the CHANCELLOR's success. The conveyancing reform which is now proposed was, in a somewhat different shape, a pet measure of the Conservatives when last in power, and in the House of Commons the most eminent lawyers and the most influential laymen are alike pledged to the broad principle of Lord WESTBURY's Bill. Even in the House of Lords, the acerbity

with which rival lawyers commonly welcome each other's projects has for the moment been laid aside; and though Lord CRANWORTH's two Bills and Lord CHELMSFORD's two Bills will be in some sort rivals of the official measure, the tact and courtesy which a Lord-Chancellor should possess *virtute officii* may possibly prevent the personal rivalries of a Select Committee from interfering with the accomplishment of a much needed reform. Certainly the enterprise which Lord WESTBURY has attempted has never been undertaken with so many chances in its favour; but it would be useless to deny that the difficulty of settling a good working scheme of conveyancing law is enormous, even without the hindrances which party spite and personal crotchets have hitherto opposed to every attempt of the kind.

The evils which all registration measures have been intended to remove are familiar enough to win for any effectual project of reform the support of all who have been much concerned with land transactions. How far the mischief may be curable is a question on which lawyers may to some extent differ; but no one, whatever his knowledge or ignorance of the law, can doubt that the uncertainty of title, and the expense of investigating it, form very serious deductions from the value of land as an investment. In almost every civilized country except England, the machinery for the transfer of land and the protection of titles is based on a system of registration; and in no country, we believe, does the cost of dealing with real estate approach the expense of an average investigation of title on the English method. It was perhaps a natural inference, that we had only to establish a registry of all documents of title to lighten the burden and diminish the uncertainty which were such unpleasant adjuncts of a purchase of land in England. For many years, one lawyer after another produced his scheme for the registration of assurances; and it was not until an enormous amount of labour had been wasted on the subject that the truth was finally established, that the mere registration of deeds would at most only shut out one of many elements of risk, and would increase instead of diminishing the expenses which have been so much complained of. A system which may be more or less successful among people who are in general content with very simple arrangements for the future enjoyment and distribution of real estates, breaks down utterly when it has to deal with all the complicated and varying provisions which the caprice of owners and the ingenuity of conveyancers have devised for the purpose of regulating the devolution of an English estate. Any scheme which professes to deal with the tenure and transfer of land in England must leave intact the power of settling and devising it, with all the limitations, trusts, powers, jointures, portions, and charges which form the stock materials of an English settlement. Merely recording the successive transactions in a general registry would not diminish their complication, and the result of a registration of deeds would simply have been to send a purchaser to a public office, perhaps one hundred miles off, to get the same abstract which he now receives from the vendor's solicitor. Something much more than this was clearly necessary. What a purchaser wants to get at is not a mere narrative of all the dealings for a certain number of years with the property he is purchasing, but the result and legal effect of those dealings. He wants to be saved, if possible, the cost of investigating the tedious story for himself and ascertaining who are the persons interested in the land, and what is the extent of the rights of each. In other words, he requires to know how the title stands at the moment of his purchase, and to know it, if possible, without the costly process of sifting it for himself out of a multitude of intricate transactions and half-proved assertions of fact.

All the recent registration schemes have recognised this necessity, and have proposed to place upon record, not the deeds which have created the title of the present owners, but the title itself, which is the ultimate object of search. In place of telling the inquirer how the land was settled in this year and mortgaged in that, devised at one time, reconveyed at another — how jointures, and portions, and legacies were charged upon it, and by what processes they were successively satisfied — the registers contemplated by any of the Bills of the last few years were intended to give at once the essential information whose the land in question is, how it stands limited, what charges remain to be paid off, and by what persons an indefeasible title can be given to the purchaser. Lord CRANWORTH and Lord CHELMSFORD, Sir HUGH CAIRNS and Lord WESTBURY, all have had this object in view; and though the machinery proposed is different in each case, and though perhaps none of the Bills which have yet been framed

have designed a perfect working scheme for the purpose, the first great step in the proposed reform has already been taken when a common agreement has been come to as to the object to be kept in view, and when a very general conviction has grown up that the practical difficulties which have to be surmounted are by no means insuperable.

Many of the plans which have been brought forward—and Sir H. CAIRNS' Bill may be mentioned as a leading example—have been framed on the principle of assimilating the transfer of land to the transfer of stock, so far as the different qualities of such property allowed. It is a familiar fact that Consols can be settled with as many complicated limitations as land itself, and yet Consols can be bought and sold without any investigation of title at all. Except that some additional record would be required for the purpose of identification—a less formidable matter than it has sometimes been represented to be—there would be no difficulty in dealing with land precisely as stock is dealt with. But, to do this, landowners must submit to expose themselves to possible frauds by trustees, just as persons who settle stock do—in theory at any rate—expose themselves to the risk of fraudulent transfers by the persons in whose names the stock stands at the Bank of England. Why men should be more nervous about a hazard of this kind when it affects an acre of land than when it imperils 50,000*l.* Consols, no very good reason can be given; but some prejudice was undoubtedly felt against this mode of dealing with the subject. The extreme infrequency of irregular dealings with settled stock, of which there are probably many hundred millions in existence, might be thought sufficient to remove any alarm on this score. Indeed, the feeling is due more to habit than anything else; for all the risk which the new scheme would have introduced is incurred without hesitation in every instance in which an estate is mortgaged with a power of sale, and few indeed are the landowners who are not now just as liable to have their estates sold over their heads as they would be if they were registered like settled stock in the names of trustees.

Still this defect, though of less practical moment than was supposed by some timid landowners, was a blot on the theoretical completeness of Sir H. CAIRNS' scheme; and the main distinction between Lord WESTBURY's Bill and that of the late Government is that the CHANCELLOR boldly endeavours to grapple with all the difficulties which Sir H. CAIRNS preferred to evade. In place of keeping a register of mere holders of land, and empowering them to transfer to a purchaser just as holders of stock may do, Lord WESTBURY proposes to make his registry complete by adding a supplemental register of all the trusts and interests by which the land may be affected. That this, if practicable, would be a much more comprehensive way of dealing with the subject, is undeniable; but at the same time it largely increases what may be called the mechanical difficulties of the scheme. It is essential, however, to observe that there is no sort of antagonism between the different plans which have been proposed. All aim at a registration of title, carried far enough at any rate to enable a purchaser to make himself safe by inquiry at the registry office; and Lord WESTBURY only differs from those who have preceded him in this field by attempting to make the register a record of all equitable interests, as well as a protection to purchasers. Whether the larger project is feasible, or whether it may not be found necessary to limit it, in the first instance at any rate, to the narrower object proposed by Sir H. CAIRNS' Bill, must depend on the success with which the details of the scheme may be worked out. But any Act which shall practically obviate the necessity of repeated investigations of title will have a direct money value to the owners and purchasers of land, considerable enough (if they are wise) to secure their most energetic support.

AMERICA.

THE American news, with the exception of the capture of Fort Henry, is as uninteresting as if the country were in the full enjoyment of peace and prosperity. The great movement which was announced has not yet taken place, and the general opinion appears not to favour any immediate advance of the main Federal army into Virginia. Greater expectations are founded on the considerable force which has been collected in the Valley of the Mississippi, and hopes are entertained that the Confederate position at Columbus may be

carried by superiority of numbers. Still farther to the West, a personal dispute seems likely to interfere with the organization of the expedition which was to descend from Kansas in the direction of New Orleans. General LANE, fresh from his interviews with the PRESIDENT, boasted loudly of his projects of emancipation, and he even promised that, to enable his soldiers to fight like gentlemen, he would provide every private with the attendance of a confiscated negro servant. His admirers announced that he was about to carry on the war upon some new principle, with an entire disregard of received strategy and of regular discipline. Volunteers might probably have been attracted to his standard by the hope of unusual facilities for plunder, as well as by the convenience of appropriating to themselves the services of liberated slaves; but the PRESIDENT seems to have forgotten that General HUNTER was already in command in Kansas, or perhaps General LANE, like other boastful adventurers, affected to occupy a position to which he had no legitimate claim. In resentment of his pretensions, General HUNTER declares that he will himself command the expedition, for which, as he publicly and pointedly remarks, no means of transport have been provided. In imitation of FREMONT, LANE appeals to popular feeling and to his own subordinates, and it is still doubtful whether his enterprise will be cut short by his dismissal. It is more certain that he is a vulgar and ambitious agitator than that he possesses any military abilities. On the whole, it seems that the policy of Abolition receives little support at Washington. The PRESIDENT and the majority of both Houses, though they cannot really hope for the restoration of the Union, wisely decline to make themselves responsible for the disruption by any open disavowal of the Constitution; and the projects of confiscation which have been brought forward will probably be superseded by Mr. BLAIR's plan for imposing a quota of taxation on the Seceding States. Nothing could be more impolitic and absurd than an attempt to levy any imposts of the kind, if the fortune of war should give the Federalists possession of any portion of Southern territory; but there is little hardship in theoretical taxation, and the claim of arrears might easily be abandoned in the course of future negotiations. In the mean time, no capitalist will lend a dollar on the faith of a revenue which must be a fiction during the struggle, and a nonentity after a victory.

The real taxation which Congress has perhaps by this time voted is estimated as equivalent to the difference between the actual revenue and 30,000,000*l.* The Customs return has, for protective reasons, been reduced to the lowest point, and the Government apparently intends more and more to discourage foreign commerce. The SECRETARY OF WAR has conceded to native manufacturers a monopoly of the supplies to the army, and Mr. CHASE some time ago declared that it was the interest of the North to depend as far as possible on its own indigenous resources. It therefore becomes necessary to tax domestic produce, and to raise money by all the other methods which have at different times employed fiscal ingenuity. Experience only can show whether Excise duties can be effectually levied over the vast extent of the Northern Federation. Smuggling has already received a considerable impulse from the MORRILL Tariff, and every artificial increase in the price of native commodities will furnish an additional stimulus to contraband traffic. It was long found difficult for the organized police of Scotland and Ireland to suppress illicit distillation, and the hills and bogs which formerly sheltered small stills are of insignificant extent in comparison with the vast forests and prairies of the United States. Except in the large towns, there is no police, and it will not be easy to create a trustworthy body of excisemen. The great advantage of customs duties, which was discovered in the infancy of civilization, consists in the unavoidable passage of foreign importations along a limited number of definite channels. Harbours, rivers, and roads could be watched and stopped, when it was difficult or impossible to follow every householder to his dwelling. The castles on the Rhine were primarily rude and irregular custom-houses, placed where traders necessarily came within reach of fiscal processes. It has been the pleasure of the American Congress to prefer more questionable advantages to the large receipts which might have been obtained from foreign imports under a moderate tariff. They are consequently forced to collect their revenue in a thousand little rills, instead of drawing it at once from an abundant stream. The scheme of taxation appears to have been prepared in good faith, but lenders

will inquire, not how far it is honestly proposed, but whether it is likely to be productive.

The Finance Committee has wisely looked not less to the equitable distribution of burdens than to the possibility of obtaining the necessary revenue. Newspapers, railroads, legal transactions, every act and every tangible object, are to be made occasions for patriotic contributions. Mr. PITT engaged in a similar series of enterprises in the early years of the French war, and the duty on hair-powder lately remained as a significant fragment of his comprehensive system of universal taxation. The English Minister had to deal with a smaller community than the Northern Union, and he was opposed to a foe incomparably more powerful than the Southern Confederacy. The considerable success which he attained may perhaps be thought encouraging by the American Government, but the machinery of taxation which existed in England has yet to be created in the United States. The estimates of revenue which are presented to the House of Commons are seldom wide of the truth, but Congress, from first to last, must legislate by guess. American writers plausibly argue that, when food and warlike materials exist in abundance, it must be possible to pay, to feed, and to supply even the enormous army which exists; but the difficulty of turning private property into public revenue has yet to be learnt. It would not be easy in America, or even in England, to raise a million by voluntary subscription for the most indispensable public objects; and the difference in productiveness between a Budget and a benevolent collection represents the efficiency of compulsory taxation. Some commodities, like those newspapers which depend on their cheapness for their circulation, may be destroyed in the attempt to tax them. In other cases, there is an almost unlimited facility of evasion. It is not impossible that it may be found expedient to assess the necessary contributions on the respective States, and to allow their Governments and Legislatures to provide for the collection of the taxes. Under any system it will be difficult to supply capitalists with that certainty which alone can render their wealth available for the conduct of the war.

The proposed amount of 30,000,000*l.*, even if it can be raised, is inadequate to the wants of the Government. Long before the end of 1863, if the present scale of expenditure is maintained, the annual charge of the debt will approach 20,000,000*l.* The ordinary expenditure of the Union during peace is calculated at 15,000,000*l.*, and consequently there will be no portion of the public income applicable to the charges of the war. The public creditor cannot but foresee that he will be exposed to the risk of depreciation when he receives his dividends in paper money; and even if capitalists were willing to furnish unlimited loans, there is no sufficient accumulation of available wealth to meet the demands of the Government. The true resource is retrenchment of military expenditure, if it is thought premature to suggest the possibility of peace. The frauds of contractors and public functionaries will alone furnish large opportunities of reduction, and when the fashion of comparing the army to an anaconda has passed away, the country will perhaps discover that it is better to fight the South in the ordinary manner than to attempt to strangle it. Of eighty regiments of Federal cavalry on full pay, it is said that only fifty have a real existence, and it may be doubted whether five thousand horsemen have been usefully employed in the field since the commencement of the war. The nation has hitherto prided itself on the enormous magnitude of the army which has accomplished only infinitesimal results. It would be worthier of a great State to challenge the admiration of foreigners for a more compendious machine, especially if it turned out better work. The Treasury would find, in sweeping and vigorous retrenchment, the best means of retrieving or raising the public credit, for there is always a probability that a person who is reducing his expenditure has a serious intention of paying his debts. In proportion to the amount of the loans which may be raised or asked for will be the rate of interest which will be demanded, and the character of the Government will suffer by its inevitable failure to obtain, even on exorbitant terms, the vast amounts which are required. It cannot be necessary for the Northern Federation to spend, in the contest with a State which has neither navy nor regular army, two or three times the amount which sufficed for the contest of England with Napoleon.

THE NEMESIS OF REFORM.

MR. COX's inquiry, the other night, after the fate of the forgotten and unregretted Reform Bill, was greeted with derisive cheers, and the PREMIER's curt and discouraging reply was loudly applauded by a sympathising House; yet there may have been those to whom even a foolish and inopportune question suggested matter for grave reflection. On the face of it, the Radical member for Finsbury has certainly a case against both the Ministry and the House. Considering that the present Parliament was specially elected to settle the "great question" of Reform, and that the present Government specially undertook to satisfy the ostensible demand of the constituencies, there is some awkwardness in the announcement that the whole subject is adjourned to an indefinite future. Even Mr. COX might have something to say for himself and his friends (if he knew how to say it), should he accuse the Parliament and the Government of 1859 of tergiversation and breach of faith. It is the merest matter of fact that the majority of the House of Commons has left unfulfilled a promise specifically given at the hustings, and that the Ministry is holding office on a tenure different from that by which it was originally obtained. There are, it is true, perfectly valid reasons why the pledge of three years ago should not have been redeemed, and the general approval of the country has more than condoned the relinquishment of a mischievous undertaking; but they are reasons which it would not be convenient to state very explicitly. It would be difficult for a Minister to confess, in so many words, that he and his colleagues, with the general body of their supporters, had been misled by illusory indications of public feeling—that they had insincerely echoed a cry which subsequently turned out to be hollow and artificial—that they had thought they were doing a popular thing when they succumbed to an agitation which they erroneously imagined to be real, but that they had since discovered and corrected the mistake. It might be imprudent to assert very broadly either that the constituencies did not quite know their own minds when they returned a Reform majority, and placed a Reform Ministry in power, or that the mood of feeling which that majority and that Ministry represented was factitious and transient. It would hardly do for a Government which once leaned on Mr. BRIGHT's support, and which still includes more than one of Mr. BRIGHT's particular friends, to avow that it extravagantly over-estimated the influence of the Birmingham agitator, and that it is now honestly endeavouring to clear itself from the disrepute of a damaging alliance. This is the simple truth, but there are truths which it is next to impossible to enunciate in plain words. All the world knows why Lord PALMERSTON's Government brings in no more Reform Bills; all reasonable men are thankful to be spared a worse than unnecessary infliction; and any explanation of the fact would be alike superfluous and embarrassing. It would be satisfactory to believe that this was really the end of the matter, and that the consequences of a timid and unworthy subserviency to platform demagoguism had by this time exhausted themselves. Unfortunately, however, the fullest possible retraction of an error does not invariably obviate its natural penalties.

While the Government is endeavouring—with the best wishes of judicious politicians for its success—to overcome the difficulties of a false position, its ultra-Liberal supporters are studiously misreading the lessons of current events. A succession of electioneering reverses has apparently not taught Radical journalists the unwelcome truth that "advanced" popular principles are thoroughly unpopular, and that the country rejects, with well-founded aversion and alarm, the nostrums which only three years ago all parties were emulously prescribing for its imaginary ailments. We share the dissatisfaction with which Liberal politicians see one seat after another wrested from their party, until the very existence of a Liberal majority in Parliament has become problematical; but nothing is gained by attempts to blink the simple fact which underlies these mortifying mishaps. It is idle for "sincere Reformers," smarting under the loss of three seats within as many weeks, to suggest that the local party managers have not put forward the best men that could be found, and that a deeper shade of Liberalism than that professed by the defeated candidates would infallibly have commanded victory. It is usually to be presumed that local politicians best understand the probable conditions of success in a local contest; and no tangible reason is adduced to show that either Oxfordshire, or Lincoln, or Great Grimsby would have been saved to the Liberal party by the adoption of a more adventurous line of strategy. Sir HENRY

DASHWOOD may have been a candidate of no political mark and of very ordinary personal qualifications; but he seems to have been fairly enough matched against Colonel FANE, and the hypothesis that an aspirant of more pronounced opinions would have fared better is purely gratuitous. There is no reason to think that Oxfordshire is more favourable to ultra-Liberalism than South Lancashire; yet Mr. GLADSTONE found it expedient, after giving himself ample time for consideration, to decline the coveted honour of representing the manufacturing county, and even a Liberal candidate far less obnoxious than the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was unceremoniously rejected. Equally futile is the assertion that the Liberalism of Lincoln and Great Grimsby did not care to put out its strength in returning such very mild politicians as Mr. HINDE-PALMER and Mr. HENEAGE. We have no means of contradicting the allegation that, in one or both of those boroughs, "an active" and intelligent majority of the inhabitants were favourable "to advanced opinions;" but there is a strong *à priori* presumption that an active and intelligent majority which fails to make its opinions known in the only authentic way is a myth. On the whole, we must decline to accept the theory that the Liberal party has lost Oxfordshire, Lincoln, and Great Grimsby for want of candidates prepared to swallow household suffrage, ballot, and the rest of the Radical pledges. A simpler explanation of the untoward result of these and certain previous contests is to be found in the discredit brought on the very name of Liberalism by the unpatriotic extravagances of its more prominent partisans. Mr. BRIGHT's incendiary rhetoric is still unforgettable. The dangerous organic innovations which he all but succeeded in forcing on a reluctant Legislature are yet present to the minds of timid politicians. The experimental failure of those American institutions which Englishmen were imprudently exhorted to admire and copy has also told on the public mind with perhaps even exaggerated force. The consequence is, that that considerable section of every English constituency which is neither permanently Liberal nor permanently Conservative, in any party sense, is just now profoundly indisposed to meddle with them that are given to change. So long as Liberalism labours under the ill-repute of its unfortunate alliance with an ultra-democratic and un-English school of politicians, it is unnecessary to seek any other explanation of its electioneering disasters.

The gradual disappearance of the Liberal majority in Parliament is, of course, a subject of immense exultation with those who hope to profit by the weakness of a Liberal Government. Although there is not a trace of "Conservative reaction," in the sense of a desire to reverse any part of the Liberal legislation of the last thirty years — although the nation is substantially unanimous in its support of free institutions and a Liberal policy at home and abroad — it is not unnaturally assumed to be inevitable that a Ministry which can no longer rely on its regular adherents must shortly change places with the Opposition. It would certainly be curious if the reaction against platform Radicalism and Mr. BRIGHT should enure to the benefit of a party which not very long ago outdid all competitors in its obsequious flattery of the Birmingham demagogue, and whose latest official act was the production of a Reform Bill expressly intended to propitiate the democracy which has now gone out of fashion. But poetical justice is not often done in this world, and Mr. DISRAELI's undisguised subserviency to the great agitator is already more than half forgotten. Nevertheless, it is possible that the boasts of the Conservative organs may be premature. Isolated defeats or successes at casual elections furnish, after all, no sure index to the probable results of a general appeal to the country, which is always largely influenced by the particular issue selected as the subject-matter of the appeal; and the manager of the Conservative party has more than once shown a rare talent for making the worst of apparently promising opportunities. The majority of Englishmen, who have no immediate interest in the strife of political factions, will sincerely wish that a Government which, on many grounds, deserves well of the country, may surmount the difficulties of a position which is confessedly far from secure.

THE SUPPLEMENTARY ESTIMATES.

THE debate on the Supplementary Estimates for the army and navy, consequent upon the threatened rupture with the United States, ought to give general satisfaction. The wildest guesses had been hazarded as to the cost of our

preparations for a possible war. The common belief put the outlay at three or four millions, and the most sober calculations were considerably in excess of the actual cost. The votes taken for the purpose are less than 1,000,000*l.*, and though we are threatened with some not inconsiderable items which will come to account in the next financial year, it must be remembered, as a set-off against this contingency, that the money which has been spent is in part represented by valuable stores of gunpowder, clothing, and other matters, which will relieve the Estimates for future years. The whole country, including Lord DERBY and Mr. DISRAELI, and excluding no one but Mr. BRIGHT, has borne testimony to the thorough efficiency of the service performed; and we may fairly congratulate ourselves that the rapid and energetic preparations which were made have cost much less than old experience would have led us to expect. Our Government did not work on the magnificent scale, as regards numbers, which Mr. LINCOLN and his colleagues have adopted; but it is an economical no less than a military triumph to have silenced the bluster of the Northern States, and forced them into a tardy repatriation, at an outlay of less than three days' expenditure of the Government at Washington.

The duty of providing transport for the troops fell upon the Admiralty, and, according to Lord CLARENCE PAGET's calculation, this was done at the rate of 16*l.* per man, including not only the passage of the soldiers themselves, but the freight of all the extra clothing and military stores which were sent out to provide against the contingency of an immediate war in a climate as severe as that of Siberia. Some addition ought, no doubt, to be made to the votes passed on Monday evening, in order to arrive at the real cost of the naval part of the Canada expedition. No extra vote is taken for labour in the dockyards, or for stores used up in fitting the large number of additional ships which were commissioned on the emergency. Something, we presume, must have been saved in the dockyards out of the original votes for these purposes, beyond the surplus on account of contract vessels, which is said not to have been set off against the cost of the recent preparations. Still, after every allowance, it must be owned that the work has been done both well and cheaply; and if the Admiralty has been helped a little by its own previous savings, no one will complain of so unwonted a circumstance as an unexpected surplus in the Dockyard department. It will perhaps be a matter of surprise that the cost of equipping the army of defence should have been twice as great as that of transporting the force in the dead of winter to a country like Canada; but the main expenditure on the part of the War Office arose rather from the ample provision of warlike stores, warm clothing, and other necessities to meet the contingencies of actual service, than from any immediate outlay for the present wants of the expeditionary force. Armstrong guns and Enfield rifles were sent out, not only for the use of our own soldiers, but for the militia and volunteers of Canada, who, if need were, would no doubt soon learn to make a good use of them. Enormous quantities of gunpowder and ammunition were despatched to the scene of the expected war, and the North American provinces were, in fact, put, so far as military material was concerned, in a position to carry on hostilities for a considerable time without any further supply. When this is taken into account, we may well put up with a charge of about 600,000*l.* as a moderate demand on the part of the War Office for the important services which have been performed.

Incidentally, the debate revealed a circumstance which is by no means so satisfactory as the accounts of the expedition to Canada. At a rather late period of the last session, when it was found that France was rapidly outstripping us in the construction of armour-plated ships, a considerable vote (250,000*l.*) was taken on account of contracts, then in contemplation, for a large addition to our iron fleet. Very little has leaked out as to the actual progress made with the vessels which were ordered on that occasion, but it seems now that the Admiralty has made a large saving on this head, which, if the late preparations had not disturbed the arrangement, was intended to be applied to other votes, on which the amount granted by Parliament had been exceeded. It may be inferred that the prospect of seeing the promised iron fleet in commission within the next four or five years is very uncertain, and that money which was enthusiastically voted by the House of Commons for a specific object was meant to be used for other purposes, for which there would probably have been some difficulty in obtaining the additional vote. It is true that such transfers from

one head of expenditure to another require the assent of the Treasury; but as they are practically made before the requisite authority is asked, the Lords of the Treasury have little control in the matter beyond the privilege of an *ex post facto* scold. It cannot be denied that some facility of the kind is necessary for the smooth working of any large department; but like the corresponding power which, according to M. FOULD, is to do such wonders in readjusting the finances of France, it must, if it is not to defeat all Parliamentary checks, be used with moderation, and, above all, with good faith. There are always some popular branches of naval expenditure, for which the House will grant anything that is asked; and if it is to be the practice to take heavy votes on these items for the sake of supplementing the deficiencies which are feared elsewhere, it will be a mockery to specify, even in the rough way in which the Navy Estimates in their present form can be said to specify anything, the particular purposes to which the various sums voted by the House of Commons are to be applied.

Not only has there been this slackness in the building operations of the last year, but the Navy Estimates for 1862-3 reduce by a very large sum the votes for the construction of ships. Whether this is due to any newly discovered cheapness of iron vessels as compared with the old wooden ships, or to a determination to give up ship-building to a great extent in future, will, it may be hoped, be explained when the Estimates are moved; and, above all, it is really essential that the contemplated transaction with the Contract vote should receive some explanation to remove the appearance of artifice which it seems to wear. The Admiralty, we know, are not strong at accounts, however energetic they may be under a sudden stimulus, but they may at least be expected to keep themselves clear from anything like juggling with the Parliamentary votes. If the country insists, rightly or wrongly, on the energetic prosecution of a particular class of works, whether ship-building or dock-building, or anything else, and if Parliament makes a lavish provision for this express purpose, it cannot be permitted to a Board of Admiralty (even after performing an unusual feat, and covering itself with unaccustomed glory) quietly to divert the sums so devoted to some other project which it may prefer, or to employ them in covering extravagances committed in other departments of the service.

It will be fairer to wait for the introduction of the Naval Estimates before criticizing the proposals made for the ensuing year; but the pernicious practice of sending ships to sea with half their complement of men is so utterly indefensible, and has been so conclusively condemned by past experience, that Lord CLARENCE PAGET will find it difficult to satisfy the House, even in its present indulgent mood, without showing a more ample provision for the manning of the fleet than he has set down in the Estimates for the year. It would be wasteful and imprudent to squander too fast the stock of popularity which the naval authorities have lately acquired; and there is no more certain way of dissipating it than by neglecting the construction of iron vessels, and imperilling the flag by exposing half-manned ships to the chances of conflict which, though escaped for once, have not yet altogether vanished.

KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

ANCIENT philosophy bade a man know himself. There is something which this utilitarian age values much more—a knowledge of the world. But in what does this much-cultivated quality consist? When we speak of a man of the world, we don't exactly mean a man of business. A man might be a first-rate banker or merchant, and yet be quite unknowing in the ways of the world. Neither do we understand by this phrase a person of agreeable manners merely. We naturally attribute a courteous bearing to a man who has mixed much in society; but this polish, though one of its outward and visible signs, is not itself knowledge of the world. Nor, when we use the term in its common acceptance, do we mean that insight into men's motives and that power of influencing their actions which mark the highest order of statesmen. This knowledge is, in fact, the same as that commended in the axiom of the old philosopher, since knowledge of human nature must be founded on, and grow out of, knowledge of self.

There is hardly any reproach more deeply resented than an imputation of being destitute of a knowledge of the world. We prefer to be called anything rather than a fop. From nothing does a schoolboy shrink so sensitively as from being thought green. It is the nascent fear of this which impels him prematurely into virile integuments, and fills him with such burning contempt for his female relatives. Nothing could be said of any one aspiring to take part in public affairs which he would think more to his prejudice, than that he was unknowing, or eccentric, or impracticable. The first thing which a sensible clergyman, on taking orders, is

anxious to impress upon his friends is, that, together with the cloth, he has not assumed the petticoat. And yet, if we exclude that higher kind of knowledge of the world which is identical with experience of human nature, the value of an apprenticeship in the ways of society is greatly exaggerated. Judged by positive results, it effects little. It cannot raise a man to power or riches, as hard work and a strong will often do. It will never open him a career where the principle of promotion is merit. It will never make him Lord Chancellor or a merchant prince; though it may possibly make him colonel of a regiment, or a lord-in-waiting, or a bishop. It can never be the substitute for those higher springs of action and rooted convictions by which a consistent life is nourished and sustained. It is only in the absence of more potent influences that it can itself directly achieve much. It is strong only by reason of surrounding weakness.

Whence, then, the extraordinary importance commonly attached to it? If it be but a broken reed upon which to lean in the endeavour to rise, why is it thought so indispensable? Simply because its influence, though negative, is felt at every turn and in every sphere of life. We might compare it to the oil which percolates the screws and plates of a piece of machinery, enabling it to work smoothly, and perform its function properly. The oil itself produces nothing; but, without it, the engine which does produce them might jolt or jar, and the result be endangered. Knowledge of the world will not raise a man to the woollack, but it is no less certain that the want of it has prevented many from attaining that and other elevations. The absence of this quality dooms village Hampdens and mute inglorious Miltons in scores to obscurity. It is much easier to describe it by negatives. It is a quality without which a man cannot push his fortune in active life, or rise in the social scale. Without it, every combination of advantages, personal or mental, is liable to defeat. Without it, the best runner, straining for the first prize, finds himself suddenly tripped up, and lying on his back in the midst of the race. Without it, the most astute theologian will probably live and die a country curate, and the subtlest legal acumen will never adorn the bench. Strength of memory, power of research, swiftness of apprehension—all these are so many portions of the mental machinery which naturally achieves greatness. But there is a hitch somewhere; the iron creaks and sticks; and its productive operation is neutralized, or arrested. To work smoothly and to any practical purpose, it must be smeared with the unguent which contact with other minds and experience of society generate. Knowledge of the world is a condition precedent of success.

This quality admits of so much latitude of definition that it becomes necessary to attach to it a more precise meaning. At one end it runs up into the art of governing; at the other it descends to that of merely pleasing. It is as indispensable to the Premier in Parliament, as to the Foreign-office clerk in the salons. But between these poles—between aims the loftiest and the most trivial—is the proper and legitimate sphere for the exercise of knowledge of the world. A man may be said to possess it, when he exhibits practical wisdom in all the minor relations of social life. As a guest, as a host, as a national creditor, as a payer of income-tax, as a railway passenger, as the vendor or purchaser of a horse, he has functions and duties to perform. The way in which these are discharged makes the difference between the social simpleton and the worldling. The former will be perpetually coming to grief in one or other of them. If he is entertaining, he will abuse the grandmother of the most influential man at his table. If he dines out, he will ask for twice of fish in spite of the waning proportions of the cod, and the indignant glances of the lady of the house. As a contributor to the revenue, he will be always in arrears and incurring the terrors of Somerset House. At a railway station, he will disturb the equanimity of the porters by a fussiness arising from a vague but awful regard of steam-power. In all dealings with horseflesh, he will be guided by the simple rule of buying in the dearest market and selling in the cheapest. As a letter-writer, he shows characteristic naïveté. There is a curious infelicity in his style. To a subordinate he will write with undue familiarity, or an air of ridiculous assumption—to an equal, with a smack of arrogance. The oddest rays of comfort will gleam across his letters of condolence, while his congratulations will partake of a somewhat funereal character. In addressing members of those world-wide families, he will not be particular as to the y in Smyth, or the p in Thompson. And yet the man who betrays a want of social science in all or any of the foregoing particulars may be, all the while, a great thinker or a great worker. He may be capable of compiling the best dictionary of the English language, or writing the most profound treatise on the origin of evil. He may have all the Year-books and Term Reports at his fingers' ends. He may be an acute and ready debater. He may be capable of the utmost self-devotion, of the most heroic action. And yet, for all this, his career sensibly halts. There is a hitch, a stand-still, a mysterious want somewhere. Little impalpable trifles weave themselves into a web which holds him back. The fact is, that he is not sufficiently in accord with his surroundings. He has never fairly broken the crust of individuality in which he is encased. He has never seen the importance of adjusting his scale of weights and measures to imperial standards. He has never compared his own views to those of other men—he does not think or feel as they do. Where they are most sensitive, he is quite blunted; where they are indifferent, he is strangely sensitive. He is always giving or receiving offence. In a word, he is not a man of the world.

On the other hand, is one whose passage through society is smooth and easy—who hurts none of the world's prejudices, and treads on nobody's corns. In all the secondary relations of life he knows how to create a favourable impression. Always and everywhere he is scientifically pleasing, and reaping the fruits of that policy in his own success. Perhaps the most perfect specimen of the worldly-wise, in this broad sense of the term, is a travelled Jesuit. Compared to this, the experience of society possessed by a Beau Brummell—which, in nine cases out of ten, is what is commonly meant by knowledge of the world—dwindles into utterly insignificant proportions. When by "world" is understood the world merely of drawing-rooms and dinner-tables, the phrase loses most of its meaning. Narrowed down to this sense, knowledge of the world ceases to have much value. A man who has been long at the work, and has specially studied the subject, will make a better carpet-knight than another less versed in etiquette. But he is an adept in one speciality only, and a special training of this kind does not raise the presumption of any other sort of knowledge or address. To use a theatrical metaphor, his performance is strictly "eccentric;" and in any other line than that of a professed woman-pleaser, he would most likely fail. Moreover, it detracts from the dignity of the part, that in sustaining it he is liable at any moment to be rivalled or eclipsed by the young or inexperienced. A knowledge of conventionalities is doubtless useful; but instinct teaches them to many. Natural tact often does at a leap what a long slavery to the proprieties may fail to do. Many are able to supplement, through the dictates of a simple, earnest, or pious temper, whatever deficiency ignorance of the world may have made in them. A poor curate, summoned on a sudden to the Prime Minister, would bring himself to contemplate the interview with calmness by making it the subject of prayer, and would go through the ordeal as successfully as any veteran in Vanity Fair. Dr. Johnson enjoys no great reputation for good manners; but in spite of that, and his somewhat exaggerated reverence for loyalty, he brought himself to talk quite calmly and composedly with his sovereign, in his celebrated interview with George III. In Polonius, Shakespeare has drawn a perfect master of etiquette. His advice to his departing son shows how much he piques himself on his knowledge of the world. No one had a more intimate knowledge of the whole ceremonial of the Danish Court. And yet how destitute is he of common sense, and how ignorant of the true principle of even his own trade—courtesy! If he had the soul of a gentleman, he must have winced at Hamlet's rebuke to his suggestion of treating the players "according to their degree." "Treat them according to your own honour."

What then is gained by an initiation into the current procedure of the *salon*? Not a tenth part of what the votary of fashion claims for it, but still something real and distinctive, which it becomes no one to despise. If it cannot inspire empty heads with bright ideas, it is not on that account wholly barren of results. Upon common-place persons, with minds rather below the average run, it seems to have a wonderful effect. It rubs and varnishes them up, so as to pass muster very creditably. We may think their company rather insipid; but what would it be if to limited understandings were superadded disagreeable manners? As it is, native inanity, when exquisitely polished, is upon the whole decidedly pleasing. Knowledge of the world, in this narrow sense of the term, comes as it were in aid of intellectual deficiencies, and succeeds in presenting society with a creature who may be safely classed under the head of reasonable being, and is capable of adding to its collective enjoyment. It even turns out sometimes a very respectable counterfeit of a clever man. But more than this it cannot do. It cannot supply brains, though it often prevents the lack of them appearing. It cannot make a fool wise, though it will keep him from a thousand foolish words and actions. Nothing is a greater puzzle than the decent figure in point of intellect which many persons manage to cut in society, who certainly cannot lay claim to the original possession of any great powers of mind.

A better criterion of what it can and what it cannot do, could hardly be found than the social characteristics of the wives of clever and learned men. Viewed from the outside, they are remarkable for nothing so much as an intelligent simper. Do we ever pause to think what that accomplishment has cost, or what it means? Let no one presume to think lightly of it. A simper like this is not acquired in a day. It wreathes the lip naturally enough now, but it is the result of much nice observation of men and manners, and a long and patient career of smiling. It is the work of many weary days and laborious nights. So much for the amount of persevering exertion which it may be taken to represent. And what is its significance? It indicates a mind that has received the highest amount of polish at the hands of others of which it is capable. It marks one who has known how to profit by contact with superior intellects. It tells of caution and an habitual abstinence from making foolish remarks. It indicates a fertility of resource in concealing ignorance. Were it less intelligent, it could not stimulate clever men to conversation; were it more so, it would probably lead to discomfiture. Nothing could be more exquisitely attempted to hold its own in an atmosphere of literary talk. Nothing could be a more refreshing foil to the flashes of wit which set the table in a roar. It would be unreasonable to suppose that it veiled either genius or originality. It is the visible sign of neither, but only of the improvement of which common minds are susceptible from without. Is it nothing to have no silly things dropping from the lips of the wife of one's bosom? Is it nothing to call a woman one's own, who can send eighteen people

down to dinner in their proper precedence? Nothing, to hear the *bons-mots* eddy round her and see her in the midst calm and unruffled, according to each her appreciating smiles? The value of all this may be best measured by imagining its reverse. Suppose a dinner-table presided over by an amiable and well-meaning hostess, quite fresh to a life of conventionalities. Let her mental powers be quite on a par with those of the class just referred to, and her cap as resplendent with arsenical green. What would ensue? If she did not make herself supremely ridiculous before the fish had vanished, she would probably have succeeded in displaying her complete ignorance of the world. The ball of conversation, under her awkward handling, would soon stop. The scientific traveller on her right would not care to describe his gorillas, and the diplomat on her left would subside into professional reserve. Her neighbours would be simply bored, but she herself would undergo a kind of festal martyrdom. Nature and simplicity are good things in their way, but not the qualities of first necessity in a hostess. While dinner retains its present prominence in the social life of England, the fair sex must continue to be trained to a fit discharge of the duties of that onerous post.

THE ROLL OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE evil genius of the *Times* has prompted it to another inroad on the domain of history. The occasion was a small one. "The opening of the Session," in the phrase of the *Times*, "has produced a document which comprehends in a few pages no small part of the history of Britain." One would have expected that something extraordinary was to follow—something altogether peculiar to the present Session—some blue-book, it might be, of unparalleled historical value, or possibly a collection, demanded by both Houses, of the historical articles in the *Times*. The document proves to be nothing of the kind; it turns out to be simply the "Roll of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal." The only thing which distinguishes the present Roll from any other Roll is "the first appearance of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales,"—surely rather, in this particular position, His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall—"who heads the list." From this we should have expected, if anything, something special either about Princes of Wales in general or about the present Prince in particular. But nothing of the sort—the *Times* goes on very obligingly to tell us what sort of persons have seats in the House of Lords. They form, it seems, two classes—"exalted dignitaries" and "members of the House." The "exalted dignitaries," in whose exact precedence the *Times* kindly instructs us, are the Royal Dukes, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord High Chancellor, the Archbishops of York and Armagh, the Lord President of the Council, and the Lord Privy Seal. These "exalted dignitaries," it seems, somehow get into the House without being "members" of it. This is, hypothetically, perfectly true of the Lord High Chancellor, who would have taken his place on the woolsack just as much had he remained Sir Richard Bethell as he does now that he is Lord Westbury. But we do not see how it applies to the Duke of Cambridge and the Archbishop of Canterbury, who are surely "members of the House," in exactly the same sense as the Duke of Bedford and the Bishop of London. "After these exalted dignitaries we come to the members of the House," on whose exact precedence, as becomes their inferior rank, the *Times* does not bestow that amount of care which it reserves for the "exalted dignitaries." For surely it is not good heraldic law to put Bishops after Barons, and to place the elective Peers of Scotland and Ireland, all in a body, lower still. We are told in two consecutive sentences, that the "catalogue is numerous," and that the "entire list would be a long one." We cannot see the difference between these two propositions; but perhaps the *Times*, like the authors of the Daily Exhortation, thinks it necessary to add a translation of its own words. Then comes a little dissertation on the contents of the Roll, the apparently recent date of most of the titles in it, the general merits of the British Peerage, and lastly the history of territorial Earldoms. This last is of course meant to keep up the character of the *Times* for learning; but we fear that not even a Latin translation of the Laws of Æthelred can be found to bear out the very curious information which the *Times* vouchsafes on this abstruse subject.

The *Times* tells us:—

In Saxon times, and even later still, every title implied a real territorial jurisdiction, and was indeed derived from a district rather than a city. Perhaps the husband of Lady Godiva, in taking his title from the town of Coventry, set the earliest example of that fashion.

"The husband of Lady Godiva" is, we suppose, a striking and allusive way of describing the person whom scholars know as Leofric, Earl of the Mercians. If Peerages may be trusted—we seldom trust them, but very likely the *Times* does—"the husband of Lady Godiva" might have been described yet more strikingly as "a famous ancestor of the present Premier." Lady Godiva, we have all heard, marched through Coventry under circumstances altogether unparalleled, and her descendant seemed to all the world to march through Coventry under circumstances nearly as strange when he became sponsor for Louis Napoleon's Conspiracy Bill. But both went through the process unhurt. Lady Godiva survived her husband, her son, and her country, and died in a green old age, a tenant *in capite* under William the Norman. So has her descendant gone unhurt through the perilous city. The eyes of men are by common consent turned away from so unplea-

sant a piece of history. It is only a Peeping Tom here and there, who peers into old records to find out why Lord Palmerston left office in 1858, and how his present colleagues voted on that now forgotten day. Here, we think, is a real historical parallel, which the next pedigree-maker of the House of Temple may work out with great advantage to the honour of both its past and its present members.

But to return from the descendant of Godiva to her husband. What can be meant by saying that Earl Leofric "set the earliest example of a fashion" by "taking his title from the town of Coventry," is quite beyond us. We have indeed to deplore the deficiencies of our library. We have not at hand the histories of Peter Parley, of Mrs. Markham, or of Oliver Goldsmith. But we have got as near as we could to the level of the *Times* by looking at Hume and Henry, and even there we can find nothing whatever about Leofric taking his title from the town of Coventry. Hume calls him, accurately enough for Hume, Duke of Mercia. Yet we have a notion of having somewhere or other heard some nursery tale or song about Lady Godiva being wife of the Earl of Coventry. Such a description was likely enough to occur to a ballad-monger, but it is rather dangerous foundation for a theory like that built on it by the *Times*. Leofric was Earl of the Mercians; Coventry was a city whose ecclesiastical foundations he greatly favoured, and which is not unlikely to have been one of his chief places of residence. But he was only Earl of Coventry as he was Earl of any other town within his vast province. The later chroniclers, just like the *Times*, do not understand the position of these great earls, who bore a vice-regal sway over a quarter of England. The historians who wrote after the Conquest could make nothing of an earl of the Mercians, or an earl of the West-Saxons, and they not uncommonly cut them down to something like the dimensions of an earl of their own days. Leofric figures in Bromton—the earliest writer who gives the common legend of Godiva—as Earl of Chester; William of Malmesbury had before that called him Earl of Hereford; and it is very likely that some chronicler or other may call him Earl of Worcester, or of Northampton, both of these being towns within his earldom. Coventry is less likely, because Worcester and Northampton were real earldoms in after times, while Coventry never was till quite lately. But in contemporary and accurate writers, Leofric is always Earl of the Mercians, and Godwine Earl of the West-Saxons. That Leofric took any title from Coventry in any special way, or set any fashion about the way of taking titles, is a pure delusion of the *Times*.

Some dim notion of the territorial nature of the old Earldom runs through the whole paragraph, but it is very dim indeed:—

In former times it was the custom to preserve titles, though families were changed, and many a grand historic name passed to one stranger after another by royal fiat, in the course of a few years. What was then given was not merely a designation, but a residence, with manors, rents, and rights appertaining.

We cannot say that this is untrue, but it is very inadequate. The old Earl or Alderman, whether he were set over a single shire or over the whole of a former kingdom, was a great magistrate, holding an office in the gift of the king and his wise men. The ancient Earl answers most nearly to the modern Lord-lieutenant—only of course we must suppose a Lord-lieutenant invested with vastly extended powers. His office was not hereditary, any more than the office of Lord-lieutenant is, but by the natural tendency of those days, the son of the last Earl, if not manifestly unfit, was more likely to be appointed than anybody else. After the Conquest, the tendency to hereditary succession was vastly strengthened; but on the other hand, as the power of the Crown increased, the official nature of the earldom died out, and it gradually became a mere hereditary title. According to an elaborate paper lately read at Oxford by Mr. Shirley, we have to thank Henry the Second for dealing the final death-blow to the territorial earls. The "residence, manors, rents, and rights," were of course originally the endowment of the office, just like the lands and houses held by a bishop, or like the castle which the descendant of Leofric and Godiva holds as the reward of his services as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports. Thus the Earl, from a great magistrate with official power and official revenues—a councillor of the king by virtue, not of his birth, but of his office—has gradually changed into an hereditary peer, a member of the House of Lords by right of birth, but calling himself Earl of anywhere or nowhere, with very likely no princely property, and certainly no official power or revenue in the place of which he is the nominal Earl. This is the change which the *Times* has tried to set forth in its usual blundering way, and in so doing has hit on the prime blunder of making Earl Leofric the author of a change by which the Earls began to take their titles from towns instead of from counties.

The remarks of the *Times* on the Peerage of England as contrasted with the nobility of other lands, are true—though rather perhaps they are truisms; but the real point of contrast is missed. The real reason why the English peerage still exists and is still respected is one which the *Times* seems to have forgotten. In England there is no nobility. The title and the seat in the Upper House of Parliament are hereditary, but the children of their possessor are Commoners. The hereditary peer has commonly spent many years as a Commoner, perhaps as a member of the Commons' House of Parliament. His children enjoy a mere honorary title—his grandchildren, in most cases, have not even that. The grandson of a duke, through any but his eldest son, is a mere esquire. Contrast this state of things with that of any country where there

is a real nobility—where every descendant of the first ennobled person retains special titles and special privileges. Here, in England, what we call the nobility is simply the front rank of the people. Elsewhere, it is something separate from the people—sometimes even hostile to them. Hence we in no way grudge the honours either of an hereditary or a created peer, because they are purely personal, and do not remove his whole family into any privileged order. That a legislative body should be divided into two chambers, is the unanimous result of all European and American experience. The result of our past history is that we have an ancient hereditary Second Chamber instead of a new-fangled elective or nominated one. Political philosophers may well dispute as to the respective advantages of the three modes of appointment. It is enough for us that we have got ours in the way that we have got everything else—that the House of Lords, like every other English institution, has its roots in the past events of English history, and not in any theory of any kind. The general unanimity with which the two Houses have pulled together for six hundred years is one of the most wonderful things on record. The few disputes which they have had have been almost always about questions of privilege, interesting to nobody but their own members. As long as the Lords do their work, no one will object to their rights and powers. There is now no fear of their being an oppressive body; but there is great fear of their sinking into a do-nothing and impotent body. The remedy rests with the Peers themselves. They can keep their position, if they only choose to keep it. But that they can keep it if they choose, is the result not more of the fact that any Commoner may possibly become a Peer, than of the fact that the descendants of every Peer necessarily become Commoners.

In all this we are talking of ordinary Peers—mere "members of the House," as the *Times* calls them. The "exalted dignitaries" stand on a somewhat different footing. We wait for the *Times* to give us its views as to the past history of their offices and powers.

HIGH TRAINING IN LOW LIFE.

"THE Obvious," says Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in the latest exposition of his philosophy, "is often lost to the eye that has fixed its gaze on the Obscure." The sentiment is one which even persons who do not write their adjectives with big letters must own to be substantially just. When we speculate on the affairs of common life, we are in great danger of making lamentable mistakes if we indulge in over-refining. Common sense and the humble views of humble people sometimes carry us much nearer the mark than the niceties and subtleties of philosophy. But, on the other hand, there are questions forced upon us by the facts of life which require a practical solution, and which unavoidably plunge us into wide and vague calculations. We cannot tell which is the Obvious and which is the Obscure. The whole subject of popular education may be said to be full of such questions, and the particular point of the proper training of schoolmasters is especially full of difficulties which can only be determined by reference to remote and problematical consequences. We may put aside for the moment the consideration of Mr. Lowe's scheme, and of all other schemes. We need not trouble ourselves as to the mode in which schoolmasters are paid, or ought to be paid. Even if all the immediate heads of controversy are laid aside, there remains the broad fact, that several thousand persons receive a very high training, or one that professes to be very high, in order that they may teach very poor people, and move themselves in a retired and humble walk of life. We may ask what is the effect of such a system on the community at large, and on the persons so trained themselves; and if we begin to ask this question, we shall find ourselves immediately beset by a legion of vague thoughts of which it is hard to say whether they come from the realms of the Obvious or of the Obscure. We shall feel ourselves driven towards many conclusions which we scarcely like to accept, or to reject. The only consolation is that, in such a matter, speculation cannot be wholly useless. The institution of highly-trained teachers of poor people is one that is the pure voluntary creation of society, and we may reasonably wish to know, so far as we can, what we are doing when we establish and maintain it.

In many ways, these learned schoolmasters are an unquestionable gain to the community; and, perhaps, of all the services they render, the most important is that they add a second man with something like education to parishes where previously the clergyman was the only person with any pretension to learning. The notion is spread through the masses of the illiterate that learning is something which is rained upon rich people and gentlefolk, and which never visits or was meant to visit the dwellings of the poor. The schoolmaster is an authority, and although, like many authorities, he is often disliked and distrusted, yet he carries weight with him, and what he says sinks even into the unporous minds of farmers. Nor is it only that he is a second learned authority. He is a lay authority, and he represents learning apart from the interests and prepossessions of the clerical order. He knows books, and reads papers, and quotes from speeches and writings which are standards in the ordinary lay world; and there are many thoughts, which may with great advantage have a place in the minds of Englishmen, which the clergy do not think it within the limits of their office to communicate. The schoolmaster is at once an aid to the clergyman and a check upon him. He is an aid, because, so far as they work together, it is a great help to the

clergyman that, in introducing any improvement he may think desirable, there is a person always at hand whom education has made familiar with the notion of change, and who will probably be glad to see anything new set on foot which promises to stir the surface of the sleeping pool of agricultural stagnation. On the other hand, the clergyman is often stimulated or kept in check by the schoolmaster in a way that does him good. There is a critic whom the clergyman has to face often in the week, and always on Sundays; and although the critic is a subordinate and a dependant, yet the mere presence of a critic, possessing something like a competent power of criticism, makes itself felt in spite of the complacency of social superiority. A man would be chary of writing very bad verses if he knew that they were regularly read by a literary footman. The curate is not entitled to despise the criticism of the schoolmaster. It is true that the schoolmaster knows very little except what is in books, and knows that little very imperfectly. Too many country clergymen know nothing about books at all. They never read when they were boys, and when they were at college they devoted their intellectual energies exclusively to shaving through a pass degree. The schoolmaster knows at least more than that. He has been highly trained, and has been made to work during his training. Ostensibly, the curate pities and despises the schoolmaster, whom he can scold and perhaps dismiss. But human nature makes us sure that he also has a little fear of a man who reads, or has read, the books which the curate remembers were placed in the hands of the clever boys at the school where he himself was reckoned a dunce.

It might also be thought that the training was an equal gain to the schoolmaster himself. In the first place, a very successful pupil-teacher or schoolmaster sometimes pushes his way on to a very different station in the world. He is reckoned a promising lad, and some kind friend notices him, advances him, sends him to college, and places him in the way of scholarships, fellowships, tutorships, and possibly of bishopricks. Or his abilities, his method, his inquiring active intellect in maturer life attract the notice of some one to whom they can be made useful, and an introduction into the factory or the firm opens the door to wealth and consideration. Unquestionably, where this happens, the individual gains very greatly; but then those who have this good fortune are wholly exceptional. The highly-trained poor man remains, as an ordinary rule, in low life. And we must not give any particular system the credit of letting these exceptional men have their chance in a wider field. Long before training colleges were invented, poor boys were sent to college by kind benefactors, and became famous in science or literature, or in the great practical professions. Newton rose to be not only the first of mathematicians but Master of the Mint, and Newton's humble birth-place figures as the ordinary frontispiece in works intended to show how men can make themselves. It is only so far as the training system effects the same thing more easily or more extensively that it can claim a superiority to the state of things that preceded it; and whether it has really made any change in respect of advancing the poor is very difficult to say. It has come at a time when the vast expansion of trade and enterprise, and the great increase in the number of paths in which the intellect can show itself, would necessarily have multiplied the chances offered to the lower as well as to the higher ranks of society.

Then, again, it might be supposed that the schoolmaster would at least have the special reward which knowledge ought to bring with it—the delight of knowing. Learning is its own recompense; and when the schoolmaster finds that, although he spends his evenings in the alternate study of optics and the history of the Saracens, yet life is wearing away without his having the prospect of anything better than £2 a week so long as he continues to please a committee of ladies and clergymen, he can at least love his books all the more, and follow the sinking star of knowledge beyond sea after sea. Of course he may do so, but we suspect that, as a matter of fact, he very rarely does. Learning, we fear, brings with it far more discontent than content. It must be remembered that his learning, though high in relation to his social position, is, after all, very superficial. As compared with the training of a studious clever lad who has gone through the course of a public school and a good college, the schoolmaster's training is nothing. It seems to us to be very nearly that which a clever girl gets at an ambitious lady's school. The mind is opened to the conception of knowledge; the proper standard authorities are familiarly appealed to; the relative importance of branches of education is tolerably well ascertained. But the pupil is kept out of real knowledge. He or she only knows a part of what others have known, and the interest of such knowledge, although keenly felt by the young, seldom lasts late in life. It is only when adults think, or discover, or inquire for themselves, that learning continues to please them. The schoolmaster also is under the general influence of an age which values knowledge for its own sake very little. To know, apart from getting money or consideration by knowledge, is very slightly prized. And the reason is plain. Knowledge has become, in its lower forms, so common, and is spread so widely, that it is no longer looked on as something precious. It is not cherished as it was cherished when few possessed it, and they acquired it with difficulty. On the other hand, the things that money can command have been indefinitely increased; and civilization has taught us to recognise a thousand new shades of social eminence. Knowledge at second hand is now little more than a condition which must not be notoriously neglected if wealth and social position are to yield all the pleasures they ought to bring

with them. Knowledge at first hand becomes more and more the possession of those who have every appliance that art can devise and money procure, who have perfect leisure, and who are willing to devote a whole life to achieving a slight result in a special line of inquiry. Those who do so are doubtless rewarded by the secrets of knowledge, and by the keen enjoyment of intellectual exertion; but then it is almost impossible that village schoolmasters should be found among their number.

There is, then, very little in the knowledge they acquire to stem the deep tide of discontent which floods the minds of schoolmasters. It is with the utmost bitterness that they contrast what they know with what they are. They live in a state of prolonged injury. They despise the ignorant farmers and tradesmen among whom they live, and yet these despised people make many times as much money as they do. They seem to themselves as if they knew quite enough to grace at least ten thousand a-year, and yet their pay, their whole subsistence, depends on the subscriptions of the charitable and the good pleasure of local managers. They can get no grant unless they teach, and they cannot teach unless people will subscribe to let them. For the mass of them there is no opening. To the end of their days they must teach, or pretend to teach, the children of the very poor. They may indeed say that knowledge is vanity and vexation of spirit when it condemns them to bear, day after day, the din, the smell, and the stupidity of young day-labourers. At first they may try to shirk the work, and find a vent for their ingenuity and learning in the task of decoying and fitting others to tread in their steps. But in the long run their fate will be found inexorable. They have contracted to devote all their knowledge to teach the ordinary, humble, unambitious peasant boy, and they will sooner or later be forced to fulfil their contract. The happiest among them are those who see this early in their career, and bow down to the sad necessity of discharging one of the most arduous and repulsive of human duties.

On the other hand, it must be allowed that this very discontent removes another kind of discontent. The schoolmaster who is highly trained is at least saved from the vexation of thinking that the access to knowledge is denied him. He cannot worry himself by imagining that the rich and the learned think that what they know and read and think about is too good for him. There is no list of favourite or standard authors from perusing whose works he is debarred. He does not smart under the sense of the injustice which would be done him if he were kept back from knowing all he can know. He is at full liberty to find out all the vanity or the worth of learning. This is a great gain, although, as it is a merely negative gain, we may easily overlook it. The truth is that there are very few positive and clear advantages or disadvantages in the system. We cannot, for instance, say that the teaching given in the schools is better for the high training of the master. It is true that some of the best teachers of the poor are men and women to whom the highest education has brought humility and a desire, among the ocean of intellectual uncertainties, to do some practical good. But this is a stage of education to which the training of the schoolmaster is not in the least likely to carry him. So far as we have yet seen, there appears to be no evidence that the superior intelligence and method which may be imputed to high training counterbalances the natural desire of the highly trained schoolmaster to concentrate his powers on a few show specimens. On the other hand, we do not see much reason to apprehend that these discontented and highly trained schoolmasters will ever be formidable as a political power. On the few questions which immediately concern themselves, they may combine and give trouble to a Minister. But in ordinary matters, and in ordinary times, there is no more reason why they should be more likely to act together, for political purposes, than the clerks in the Civil Service. The only positive and unquestionable advantage in the system that we can discover is that, in country parishes, it adds a second person with some education to help and check the clergyman, and that, in towns, it prevents education being looked down on as a thing in which no one is in earnest. For the present, these reasons appear to us to have very considerable weight. They go far to justify the system that is established. But whether they will continue to operate when English society is changed, as it must gradually be changed, by the diffusion of printed matter and the rapidity and ease of communication, is a point as to which our gaze is "fixed on the Obscure."

LORD EBURY'S RITUAL REFORMS.

THE present Session is likely to be a distinguished one, though the distinction is peculiar. Deliberative assemblies, Councils, and Parliaments have often gained certain historical surnames. There was once a Council called the *Lutrocinium*, which was hardly a complimentary title; and besides the Long Parliament there is the Rump Parliament, and earlier than these there was a Parliament called *Parliamentum indoctum*. Following the analogy and use of a barbaro-classical sobriquet, we should think the present session is likely to be termed in history *Parliamentum terebratum*, or *Parliamentum terebrantium*, the Bored Parliament, or the Parliament of Bores. Boredom is at a high premium this year. There is absolutely nothing for the Imperial Legislature to do, nothing to legislate for, and bore calls to and encourages his brother bore. Bores will not only keep each other in countenance, but the House, having exactly six months before it, is obliged to affect some complicity with its veteran bores, and to pretend even to welcome a crop of rising nuisances. For very shame,

though there is nothing to do, there must be something done. If there are no chairs and tables to mend, the floor must be covered with shavings and a noise of hammering and sawing must go on in the political carpenter's shop. So, in all its varieties, appears the Parliamentary bore, from the strong fiery article fresh from the fervid brain of the new member and incipient crotcheteer to the old tawny and colourless bottle of smoke from a celebrated cellar, cobwebbed and fungused with the dirt and dust of half-a-century of neglect. The bores are quite right to be early in the field. There is a long day before them, and the House has plenty of time and nothing to do. Lord Ebury has introduced his well-known bore of Reforming the Prayer Book. He is an amiable nobleman with a specialty, as the slang term is. It is an odd specialty, but let us be thankful. A nobleman with a specialty is always gratefully received by the British mind. A week or two ago, we began to think that to drive a railway train in a greasy jacket and a dirty sou'-wester was rather a creditable thing, when it was hinted on the Windham trial that there was "more than one nobleman" who was in the habit of amateuring among the stokers and pokers. A lord with a life-purpose is a godsend. Objects, as they would call them — crotchets, as we should call them — are innumerable; but the Peerage is limited. Whatever special pursuit, therefore, a live Lord gives himself up to becomes *ipso facto* ennobled, worshipful, honourable, right honourable. It shares in the privileges of the blue blood. A lord among lords is really not much more than a barber among barbers, lost in the crowd; but a barber who advertizes his Kallitrichoplasme, or a baron who has a mission, towers above his order. This is the final cause of our Shaftesburys and Eburies in the one House, and of our Berkeleys, Burrells, Williamses in the other. If a nobody gives himself up to a something — never mind what that something is — he becomes a somebody.

This accounts for what might otherwise seem so unintelligible — that it is not of the least consequence what a British Peer selects as his crotchet or his specialty so long as it is his own. There is nothing too ridiculous or too insignificant to make a Parliament man remarkable. Be it about servant-maids cleaning windows, or altering the Prayer Book, anything will do to make a man a place in Parliament. Lord Ebury would be a perfect nobody had he not stepped into a hole which nobody else ever thought of occupying. The man with Hessian boots, the man with a cape to his coat, the man who paints his horse or his house sky-blue is sure to be well known. So is the Lord who lives only to make one annual motion, and bring in, session after session, his solitary little Bill — "only once a year, your honour" — about the Prayer Book, sure to have a certain sort of notoriety. Lord Ebury has established his *métier*. He has been reserved to try to undo the work of the Reformers of the sixteenth and the restorers of the seventeenth century. The Prayer Book which has sufficed for the English nation for exactly two centuries has been only awaiting its Ebury. 1661 saw it completed; not a jot or a tittle has been changed from that time to this; it was reserved for the last and greatest birth of time in all its fulness to produce an Ebury and 1862. It is the year of the Great Exhibition, and certainly Lord Ebury has made a very great exhibition of himself. He has taken two years to excogitate his present Reform Bill, and it is now introduced into the House of Lords. As some of our readers with retentive memories are aware, Lord Ebury, on his last appearance in the character of a Church Reformer, took his starting-point from the experience of the younger branches of his own household. Being at church on Good Friday, 1860, with his two school-boy sons, Lord Ebury observed that those ingenuous youths were dreadfully bored with the service of the most solemn day in the Christian year. Whereupon his lordship, then sitting on the egg of a Prayer Book Reform Bill, which turned out an addled one, wrote to the *Times* describing the spiritual cravings and pains of the youthful Grosvenors, and seriously urging that the Prayer Book ought to be altered because the school-boys yawned at the Creed, scratched their heads over the Ten Commandments, fidgeted through the Gospel of the Passion, and snored at the sermon. Hence the consequence — the Prayer Book must be cut down to those moderate dimensions which would suit the taste of Grosvenor Major and Grosvenor Minor.

On the whole, this scheme was common sense compared with that which Lord Ebury after two years' incubation has just hatched. If, on the suggestions of 1860, we could once learn the length and breadth of the young master Grosvenor's religious necessities, we should know what we were about. Given a Prayer Book which suits the tender scrupulosities of a school-boy home for the Easter holidays, and which just stops short of even the suggestion of a gape, and we have a good working model ritual, fit at any rate for such saints as the Church of England, or Lord Ebury, wants. This might have been called the Grosvenor Use. It would have been one and ascertainable; but in the new Bill every man is his own Prayer Book. The preface to the existing Book of Common Prayer, as everybody knows, complains of the trouble and inconvenience of several Uses in the same Church — Sarum Use and York Use, Hereford Use and Bangor Use. But those four or five which the Reformers rejected may be multiplied into 5000 in the new Reformation. Every clergyman may, according to the new Ebury rubric, have his own use, and may vary it every Sunday. He may — "if the minister think well" — ring a vast variety of changes on the present old-fashioned morning and evening service, litany and communion. He may, for example, dock off the litany, or he may retrench the "Ante-Communion" Service: or "if," which

seems scarcely to be a conceivable possibility to Lord Ebury's mind, "there is a communion and a sermon, both morning prayer and the litany, or either of them, may be omitted." And in the Psalms, "when more than one Psalm is appointed, any one or more (but not all) of them may be omitted" — which provision, on the 28th morning of the month, might, in the hands of a parson nicely economical in his measure of praise to Almighty God, starve this branch of Christian worship to a stint of eight verses. And in the Lessons he may play a vast variety of tricks, to the extent of omitting "a part or parts of any Lesson appointed in the Calendar" — a direction lax enough to get rid of seventy-nine verses out of the eighty which contain the first chapter of St. Luke. And not only may the ingenious minister omit whole services in the lump, but any given service may be cropped and docked, mangled and mutilated according to the parson's taste, the state of the weather, the dinner hour, or the time-table. In a word, Mr. Wopsle's ideal is attained. The Church is at last to be thrown open to any, or all, experimentalists; and Lord Ebury punishes the Lord's Prayer and pleonastic devotions tremendously. But this is not all. We pass over such mere trifles as the suggestion that a baptism should be administered without the Lord's Prayer, and that the marriage ring should be proscribed; but there remains a provision which makes the ritual resources of the Ebury Use perfectly inexhaustible and illimitable. Not only may every clergyman have his own use, and vary it every Sunday, but it is quite conceivable, according to the laws of arithmetic, that no clergyman, though he live to the age of Methuselah, need ever have one Sunday service recur again; and it is further conceivable that in the 20,000 churches of England on any given Sunday there should not be two services alike in any two churches; and it is also conceivable that there should be some particular service somewhere which nobody ever saw or heard before, and which nobody will ever see or hear again. Here is the Reformed Rubric which opens up this wondrous future for devotional novelties, varieties, and eccentricities: —

"On any Sunday . . . if the minister think well, instead of Evening Prayer being said twice, there may be used . . . such Form of Divine Service as may be convenient . . . provided that nothing is said except what is contained in or authorized by some part of this [*i.e.* the existing] Book."

By which we understand that this Form of Divine Service may be extemporized at the moment. All that is wanted is a quick hand and eye, and an active reader in the desk; and the congregation may at any moment be scampered away from the Versicles before the Lord's Prayer to the Communion Service — then back to the Quinquagesima Collect — off again to some appropriate extracts from the Funeral Service, followed by six verses of the 119th Psalm, backed up by a *canto* from the Litany, the Office for Consecrating Bishops, the Churching of Women, and the 53rd chapter of Isaiah; all which is, we believe, "contained in some part of this book."

All this opens up a future of ritual permutations and ingenious piecing and contriving which is appalling from its vastness. We all know, or rather nobody knows, what can be done by transposition and permutation of the twenty-four letters. But in the Prayer Book there are at least two hundred and forty different prayers; and every one of these prayers may be chopped and changed, and thrown into new combinations, *ad infinitum*. There is a fashionable pastime in which a number of alphabets are thrown into a heap, and the perplexed student in orthography is presented with ten or twelve letters out of which painfully to spell out some difficult combination of the radicals. We should propose that Lord Ebury's Revised Ritual should be accompanied by a Prayer-Box, to be turned on a hollow cylinder — the thought is suggested by the mechanical Devotion-grinder of Thibet, mentioned by the Abbé Huc — into which the vicar and vicaress should on Saturday night drop in six dozen prayers printed on separate slips and taken up at hazard, and, after giving six grinds to the prayer-organ, should take out for the next day's third service the first twelve that turn up. On the principle of the kaleidoscope, we see absolutely no limit to the novel, ingenious, and striking "Forms of Divine Service" which may be got up by such a machine — which of course will, with the surplice, be provided at the expense of the parish.

Nor does the noble lord's provision of startling surprises in public devotion stop here. No sooner has an attentive worshipper recovered from the shock, agreeable or otherwise, of admiration at the skill with which "the minister thinks well" to chop, change, abbreviate, alter, insert, interpolate, omit, curtail, vary, or expand the old-fashioned prayers, but he is destined to a new sensation. "On any occasion of national or local trial, special mention may be made, if the minister think well, of such national or local trial, after the words [in the Litany] 'whenever they oppress us,' as part of the prayer in which these words are" — which "special mention" is expanded into "special services," "on any occasion of public prayer or thanksgiving in respect of any national, local, or individual trial or mercy, if the minister think well." That is to say, he may use and make "such Form of Divine Service as may be convenient and specially appropriate," under no restriction and under no license or restraint whatever, except this curious *ex post facto* authorization: — "Provided that within the week following information thereof shall be given by the Minister to the Ordinary" — which information must be highly gratifying to the Ordinary.

Now, without professing to be able to construe the phrase "a local or individual trial or mercy," this suggested Rubric — and

the same may be said of the whole principle of the Ebury Reform—would have the effect of leaving the unfortunate parishioners bound and helpless at the mercy and caprice of the religious pranks of every clerical gentleman in the land. "Individual" folly or ignorance or conceit may tempt the surplised cook so to vary his ritual *menu* that every dish may be *en surprise*; and the special service in the Litany, and the special service Rubric, are certainly elastic enough to permit or to invite "the minister if he think fit" to call the people together for any conceivable or many inconceivable purposes. There is hardly anything in the annals of the parish which may not, by a very pious or very meddlesome mind, be looked on as a "local or individual trial or mercy." The failure of Farmer Mangel's "whoats" is certainly a "local trial;" and though the parson's tenth child may be left in the doubtfulness of "an individual trial or mercy," it is too interesting a matter both to the parsonage and the parish not to be prayed about; and according to local politics and the prevalence of the Bright or Palmerston interest, the affair of the *Trent* might be looked upon in a national, religious, and yet very political light, as a "trial" of some sort. Is parsondom or human nature so discreet that it is safe to trust any "minister if he think fit" with this tremendous power of trotting out his own crotchets, or having a shy and a prayer at some enemy in the vestry, under the convenient euphemism of a "local and individual trial?"

But we are merely wasting our time, as we have already outrun our limits. Lord Ebury's Bill is—and that is saying not a little, where less is impossible—the most absurd, impracticable, and ludicrous attempt at Church Reform which even the Revisionists ever thought of. Indeed we honestly believe that Lord Ebury has been hoaxed, and that some witty Anti-Revisionist has drawn this bill only to make Prayer-Book Revision and the party of Revision utterly contemptible. Its appearance in an idle Parliament will give occasion to at least one amusing night in the Upper House, if there is a single wit among Lords equal to the occasion.

THE ANTI-TOBACCO JOURNAL.

THE typical victim of tobacco, as well as of drink, is generally, we believe, selected from the lower classes. But either for the sake of variety, or in order to preserve even-handed justice, a recent number of the *Anti-Tobacco Journal* has carried the war into a new, and to us wholly unexpected, quarter by describing how a solicitor ruined his health, his business, and the prospects of his family, by addicting himself to the indulgence against which that journal raises monthly its warning voice. We have heard of solicitors who have ruined both themselves and their confiding clients by engaging in unprofessional speculations; and we have also heard of solicitors who expected to be ruined by some such measure as that for the simplification of conveyancing which the Lord Chancellor has proposed in Parliament; but we never heard before of the actual or possible ruin of a solicitor through indulging a taste for smoking. However, we have the authority of the above-named journal for the truth of the deplorable story which we are about to tell. We are quite sure that when we quote the title of that story, which is, "A Beacon for young Smokers and young Spinsters," we shall have done enough to ensure attention to its melancholy details. It may be said by the stern moralist that the young smoker, if he will not take warning, should be left to suffer unpitied the penalties of vice. But what can any young spinster have done to deserve an equal condemnation? Surely the noxious weed has not polluted rosy lips? Such a supposition would be monstrous; but it is not quite impossible that a woman's love may have been bestowed on a man who sometimes smoked tobacco. That, however, was not the case here; for it appears that the odious habit was not contracted until after marriage. "Poor thing! Alas! of how many is she the affecting type!" Not, we venture to hope, of very many. We do not think that the instances can be numerous of solicitors' wives who see their husbands ruin themselves by taking to smoking after marriage. But even one such case is sufficiently affecting, especially when it is that of a young and pretty woman like her of whom a representation is now before us, kneeling in front of a dining-room chair, with her hands and eyes raised to Heaven, while a portrait of some *regal dignitary* hangs upon the wall.

As we have not, like the *Anti-Tobacco Journal*, the means of working upon our readers' feelings at once by letter-press and illustration, we can but tell this story plainly, leaving those who hear it to imagine for themselves beauty, elegance, and unutterable woe. "When she married bright prospects surrounded her." She became a mother, and she saw her husband prosperous, until he "addicted himself to a habit" which destroyed everything. He was an only son, for whom his parents strove "to give him position in society." With that object they brought him up as a solicitor. He commenced practice. His kind parents bought a house for him, and furnished it, and the object of his affection became his wife. "For a time he was successful in his profession. A young family sprang up, but instead of cultivating his time [or, let us say, making out his bills of costs], he, like many others, became a slave to smoking." This ensnaring habit displayed its well-known hideous characteristics. Like other deluded victims, he smoked to relieve the misery which smoking caused; and as he increased his smoking, so he aggravated his maladies. At length he became unable to discharge the duties of his profession. He shut himself out from the religious

community with which he was "connected," and he became a confirmed hypochondriac. There is a dreadful particularity about the description of this disease. "He was haunted with the idea that he had been bitten by a mad dog in the calf of the leg." The delusion here described is perhaps a special form of the calamity called "going to the dogs." We do not understand that this delusion is an invariable consequence of smoking, nor even that it is invariable when the smoker is a married man or a solicitor. But it was the consequence in this case, and it may be in other cases also. And there are other consequences common to this and similar cases, viz. poverty and early death. The solicitor emigrated, but to no good purpose. The ravages of tobacco had destroyed his physical and mental constitution, "and now he is in an Australian grave." We should like to have been informed what has become of his interesting widow, whose case must indeed be pitiable. If he smoked before marriage, and she knew of it, she ought to have served him as another lady is stated, in the poetical department of the *Anti-Tobacco Journal*, to have served her lover:—

"The wooer's incense that ascends,
Goes up an offering that offends,
And 'stead of pleasing only tends
To make her cough,
And her displeasure thus descends—
'Now pray be off!'"

But if we are right in supposing that he did not smoke before marriage, how could she foresee that he would acquire that degrading propensity after marriage? And how could she hope to combat it in case it should appear, unless indeed she took in the *Anti-Tobacco Journal*, and read it to her husband by way of a certain lecture? The only moral which this story seems to furnish for the benefit of a spinster is, that she should remain so, inasmuch as the most precise and well-conducted youth, diligent though he be in business and regular at meeting, and wearing clothes guiltless of evil odour, may be seduced into trying a cigar when matrimony has lost its early zest.

It is a pleasing proof of the candour of the *Anti-Tobacco Journal* that it publishes in its January number a letter, purporting to come from New South Wales, which, in our opinion, tells rather strongly against its own argument. The writer cannot get "his greatest earthly comfort," and he draws a picture of his miserable condition which we must own affects us almost as strongly as that of the young widow of the depraved solicitor. "Dear Tom, just picture to yourself your poor brother, with his meershum to look at, and nothing to comfort him but taking a sniff at the bowl, and that sometimes for a week together." The artist of the *Anti-Tobacco Journal* has not exercised his skill upon this subject, nor did he need to do so; for it is impossible for either pen or pencil to deepen the pathos of these simple words. "Even my dog pities me, as he sees me take up the old meershum and put it down without a whiff." The dog is supposed to think, as he must do if he is a sagacious dog, that his master does not look like himself without the "meershum" in his mouth. The writer proceeds to make a very moderate request, that a pair of old boots which he left at home may be sent out to him, filled with Bristol birdseye. Really, if it could be thought that the money would be in safe hands, one would feel tempted to send to the Editor of the *Journal* a small sum to be applied in transmitting Bristol birdseye to the petitioner in Australia by the next mail. Surely nothing can be more affecting than the following appeal to paternal tenderness. "Father would soon be in the grave if he couldn't have tobacco. Tell him that, Tom, and he'll pity me." We must again express our admiration of the candour of a journal which allows the other side to be heard in such impressive words as these. It sets an example which journals of greater note are very far indeed from imitating. While the cause of tobacco finds such an effective advocate as this emigrant, we certainly shall not feel called upon ourselves to enter the field of argument—not even although we learn from the same number of the *Journal* that Mr. Spurgeon has lately spoken very strongly in condemnation of tobacco, and has exhibited to the youthful portion of his hearers, by means of the magic lantern, "the effects produced upon a youth when smoking his first cigar." For every youth that may be saved from tobacco by "the precept and example of this talented minister," we seriously apprehend that there may be one lost through the publication of the letter of the distressed emigrant, whose very dog pities him. Nor is the emigrant the only adversary who has been allowed a hearing in the columns of the *Journal*. Here is a story about Dr. Chalmers, who once asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend kirk. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a pot of porter in the pew." Now, we by no means recommend porter as likely to produce wakefulness in church, but it must be evident to all smokers that they could listen far more patiently and intelligently to sermons if they could be allowed to light a pipe during the preaching. The suggestion is highly reasonable, but certainly the last place for offering it would seem to be the pages of the *Anti-Tobacco Journal*. We suppose, however, that it is confidence in the strength of his own case which makes the Editor of the *Journal* thus marvellously candid. And indeed he is able to produce many weighty authorities and arguments on his own side. There was, for instance, "the late Rev. Wm. Jay, of Bath," who declared smoking to be "a sottish and offensive habit," and who often severely rebuked other ministers of religion "for practising the degrading vice." Mr. Jay taught that "a Christian's emblem should be a house walking towards heaven"—upon which precept

we may remark that Mr. Jay's model of Christianity is rather like that which Baxter did not by any means reckon in the first class, viz., a sort of Christian whose progress heavenward required to be accelerated by a shove behind. We should say that if any Christian whatever is like a house—which, it may be observed, has usually a chimney—it must be that very imperfect type of Christian which is sometimes seen smoking. But besides the authority of Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Jay, the *Journal* is able to adduce in argument the pitiable condition of the effete Turks, who, we are told, would never have needed the assistance of the Western Powers against Russia if they had not learned to smoke. This example of national enervation is followed up by one of individual decay of power, which is even more impressive. "It was a remarkable instance of the semi-obliviousness from tobacco fumes, that Brunel and Stephenson should have employed so little forethought about launching the Great Eastern." We fear it cannot be denied that both these eminent engineers smoked, although "the degrading vice" of only one of them could have had any possible influence upon the fortunes of the Great Eastern. We commend to the attention of the shareholders in the Great Ship Company this novel explanation of the difficulties under which their property has laboured; and if there be among their directors or officers any one who follows the bad example of their late engineer, those shareholders doubtless will perceive how their own interests require them to deal with him.

MEND YOUR WAYS.

SIR GEORGE GREY has, as became him, taken up one of the most praiseworthy, but at the same time what lately seemed to be the most hopeless, among the functions of his predecessor. He has brought in, and carried through its second reading, a Bill for the improvement of our Highways. The reception given to the motion for the introduction of the measure was nothing new, but, because it was not new, it is not the less extraordinary. One would have thought that the two facts that our roads are not as they ought to be, and that it would be a good thing to make them better, were so clear that argument would be wasted on the matter. One would have thought that here was a point on which everybody would agree—that worshippers of the memory of Lord Eldon and devotees of the six points of the Charter might work together in putting an end to the reign of ruts and mud. One would have thought that here the legislative mind would recognise one of those measures of moderate and progressive reform to which Conservatives and Liberals alike commonly pledge themselves on the hustings. The evil is patent to all; the means proposed for its remedy are simple and straightforward; the House has really nothing better to do; there is no Catholic Emancipation, no Reform Bill, no getting rid of Corn Laws; one would have thought it exactly the right measure at the right time. Yet the Minister introduces his Bill in a tone of humble deprecation; the House receives the motion with a laugh; and a knight of the shire gets up to talk against it in words of new-fangled and unpronounceable length. Instead of all parties being in favour of improvement, all parties seem leagued against it. Sir George Lewis met with the fiercest opposition from the followers of Mr. Bright—Sir George Grey meets with as determined an opposition from Conservatism, embodied in the form of Mr. Barrow. And both classes of enemies take up exactly the same ground of resistance. Mr. Barrow has thrown his objection into a most noble word of six syllables, which should be at once inscribed on the banners of the united factions. We must not think of turning an impassable ditch into a passable road for fear England should thereby be "deparochialized."

We can quite understand that a large number of honourable members know absolutely nothing about the question. A great proportion of our lawgivers, we strongly suspect, never do our highways and byways the honour to pass over them. What should a metropolitan member know about them? What should the respectable elderly gentlemen know who come up from their banks and counting-houses in the great boroughs of the North? What, we may add, should even a county member know who comes from those favoured regions where flint and gravel are to be had for the asking? Alas! none of these know the real sorrows of a genuine parish road—a real undeparochialized, uncentralized, old-fashioned highway. Pall Mall and Cheapside are alike unconscious of ruts; you may walk the streets of Manchester without plunging up to your knees in mud; you may pass from St. Stephen's to Swiss Alps or to Scottish Moors without having to ride, walk, or drive a hundred yards upon a true English parish road. Fashionable young gentlemen and mercantile old gentlemen—even the most enlightened knights of the shire from Essex and East Anglia—have all to take upon faith the evils against which two successive Home Secretaries have so long been gallantly struggling.

But besides this mere ignorance and the carelessness which naturally springs from it, there are deeper political causes for the objections made on opposite sides to one of the most necessary of reforms. Both those opposite sides can contrive to make political capital out of their opposition. Nobody meanwhile can make any sort of political capital out of his support of the measure. The Minister who proposes it, and the members who vote for it, must do so either from enlightened patriotism or from enlightened personal self-love. They must do it either from pure regard to their country, or else from regard to their own

shoes, trousers, horses, and carriages. Neither of these motives will greatly tell in their favour at the next election. But both the Tory knight and the Radical burgess will easily make something out of it which may tell a good deal. The "deparochializing" cry will, under different forms, do equally well for both. The metropolitan or other urban member has some hazy notion that every parish contains a little Pnyx with a little Demos sitting upon it, and that Demos and his Pnyx are forthwith to be sacrificed to a conspiracy of wicked oligarchs called justices of the peace. A peaceful and enlightened democracy in every hamlet has hitherto taxed itself, governed itself, done everything that an orderly Anglo-Saxon community ought to do. If they like tumbling about in the ruts, and floundering through the mud, may they not enjoy themselves in their own fashion? Are they not true-born Britons, never to be made slaves of by the bloated aristocrats of the Quarter Sessions? Some, doubtless, talk in this way in honest ignorance, others talk so because they find it answers their purpose to talk so. Neither class is troubled by the objection that these pictures of rural democracy are purely mythical—that whatever self-government there is in a country parish is really an oligarchy of the worst kind, namely, an oligarchy of farmers. The Tory knight, of course, indulges in no flourishes about democracy and the Anglo-Saxon race. Perhaps, indeed, he talks a little about our Glorious Constitution and the wisdom of our ancestors. The Glorious Constitution has gone on through ages of sludge—who knows whether the two things may not be inseparable? Perhaps, if we once lay violent hands on the sludge, the Glorious Constitution may perish with it. At any rate he knows that the farmers' votes are very well worth having; he knows that to the farmer's mind an improved highway simply means an increased highway-rate; and he knows the diligent care with which the British farmer guards the entrance to his breeches' pocket. Tory and Radical alike find their advantage in different forms of popular ignorance, and between them we shall be lucky indeed if one of the most needful of all reforms, though it has sought its way through the billows of a second reading, contrives to escape the perils evidently preparing for it among the quicksands of Committee.

The debate on the second reading was of the usual character. Several members, indeed, who opposed former Bills, have had the good sense to give their assent to at least the main principle of this. No very great light either of the Tory or the Radical Opposition appeared, but Mr. Barrow, Mr. Hodgkinson, and Lord Fermoy gave us the usual bunkum about centralization, bureaucracy, self-government, the rights of property, and the new formula of deparochialization. If there was no very grand display on behalf of the Bill, still several Conservative gentlemen have had their eyes open enough to see that the roads are bad, and have shown themselves capable of the inference that they ought to be mended. The majority is satisfactory, as far as it goes; but there are ominous mutterings about Committee, and possibly the Anglo-Saxons of Nottinghamshire and Marylebone may prove too much for a scheme which Lord Fermoy, who ought to have learned in Ireland the blessing of a good road without turnpikes, pronounced to be more French than English.

The plain and unmistakable fact is, that the repair of our roads falls on districts far too small to be in the least suited for the purpose, that those who are responsible for the work almost invariably shirk it, and that the way of bringing them to their senses is awkward and disagreeable. Mr. Barrow thinks that summoning a delinquent surveyor is a simple, easy, and pleasant process. We do not know whether Mr. Barrow ever tried it, but we have. After much labouring, or rather much be-labouring, of a surveyor and two justices, we did once get a few stones put on a few feet of a very bad road; but the process was one which did not make us feel very desirous to go through it again. As for "deparochializing" England, those parts of England are lucky where the district responsible for the road is anything so great as a parish. "Detithingize," "dehamletize," would be less elegant formations; but in many parts they would express the truth better than the more sounding polysyllables of Mr. Barrow and Mr. Hodgkinson. Self-government is a very fine thing; but of the finest thing one may have too much, and surely one has too much of self-government when one changes one's responsible authorities at every mile. The road is bad, get a summons against the Surveyor. Very good; but who is the Surveyor? What hamlet are we in? Upper Sludgestead was guilty of the hole you have just put your foot in, but it is Nether Rutborough which has so carefully preserved the bit of primæval rock which crops out a yard farther off. It will not do to summon either surveyor before the magistrates unless you are quite sure of your case, and most people besides Mr. Barrow would think it a frightful nuisance to summon anybody before the magistrates at all. How any reasonable principle of self-government is infringed by simply grouping these wretched little districts into larger ones is utterly beyond our power of divination. Whatever democracy may lurk unseen among our highways and hedges will surely find a wider and nobler development in the form of elective way-wardens. What more of democracy, what more of self-government, Lord Fermoy and Mr. Barrow can want, we do not at all understand. The Highway Board is to be purely elective. By the Bill of last year, the justices of the district were to be there too. We argued even then that the way-warden would be in a more honourable position when he sat side by side with the magistrate, and argued matters with him on equal terms, than when, as now, he is liable to be arraigned before the same magistrate

for neglect of duty, as if he had beaten his wife within an inch of her life, or even committed the grave offence of trespassing in pursuit of conies. But now the elective way-wardens will have it all their own way. They will not be troubled with the presence of any magistrates, except those whom popular election may send to the Board. Instead of surveyors being fined, as of old, the objection is started, not without force, that there are no such means supplied by the Act to make the Board act at all. They must have a keener scent than ours who can smell out any bureaucracy here. Self-government cannot be destroyed where no real self-government exists; in truth, with the passing of Sir George Grey's Bill, something like real self-government in the matter would begin for the first time.

The real question is, shall the duty of repairing the roads be taken from these ludicrously small districts, and transferred to larger divisions, where something like order and system may be followed? Shall the responsibility lie on a mere vestry, or rather not even on a vestry, but on a single ignorant and pigheaded surveyor—or shall it be transferred to a body where there is a greater chance of some little enlightenment, of some faint glimmerings of a wider view of things? The lover of mud need not fear very much. Boards of Guardians, even though magistrates sit on them alongside of elective members, have not been found very wasteful or very terrible instruments of centralization. But the present form of the Bill leaves out the magistrates, so that no one need raise any question as to the policy of increasing the powers of a non-elective, and in a great degree irresponsible body. But if Sir George Grey had stuck to the original form of Sir George Lewis's Bill, still the sludge-loving interest would have had every chance afforded to it by the hopeful fact that some justices of the peace are quite as stupid about highways as any surveyor. We know by sad experience that some magistrates are very safe men, quite fit to be trusted, quite as incapable of meddling with the vested rights of mud as with trial by jury itself. But even were it otherwise, still the question of the powers of magistrates is really one which ought never to have been mixed up with the question of the highways. We are far from thinking our system of county administration perfect. Whether a practically better system will easily be found is another matter; but the power of taxation by a non-elective body is confessedly an anomaly, without any parallel either in our national or our local institutions. But let the question of county administration stand by itself, and be discussed on its own merits. The immediate question is, whether the repair of the highways shall be the business of a parish, or the business of a larger district. By whom county business should be transacted is another matter. But we should have thought that elective guardians of the poor, sitting side by side with magistrates, were the small end of the popular wedge, and that elective way-wardens, sitting with no magistrates among them save those who can get elected, would be a further advance still. To us it seems that self-government and democracy would get a considerable lift by Sir George Grey's measure. A precedent is set on the Highway Board which may some day reach the Quarter Sessions themselves.

After all, the Bill is only permissive. In some counties it clearly is not needed; in others, where it is needed, its introduction will probably be long and stoutly resisted. It rests with the justices of the county, and we know what some justices are. We know how long many counties refused to avail themselves of the permission to establish a rural police. The dread of an imaginary centralization prolonged in many counties the good old times of sheep-stealing and fowl-stealing; and the good old times of ruts and big stones, of dirty boots, and broken springs will probably linger on a good while for the same cause. Altogether the cause of dirt and democracy, of sludge and self-government, has not a very threatening prospect before it.

CHARITY BALLS.

A BALL is a bolder expedient for replenishing the ebbing funds of a charitable or religious institution than a bazaar, but to a certain extent it operates in the same manner. There is a section of society neither immovably serious nor irredeemably gay—a border tribe inclining now to merriment and now to levity—people who have not quite made up their minds as to what amusements are lawful and what are not, and who, on the whole, had rather not make up their minds. According to the humour of the moment or the pressure of circumstances, they oscillate vaguely from dignified self-denial to genial self-indulgence, and from self-indulgence to self-denial. All this class of society is gathered up as safely as a shoal of fish in a drag-net by the adroit device of a Charity Ball. An ordinary ball would be quite another thing, but a ball in aid of the "Hospital for the Relief of Delirium Tremens" is irresistible. In the cause of erring but penitent humanity, who would not fling morbid scruples fairly out of window? Certainly not those pretty damsels crowding round the counter of Slime and Grime, the leading milliners of Badborough, and fingering with dainty impetuosity a rainbow-tinted chaos of gauze and muslin, ribbons and lace, ordered from town by telegraphic message expressly for the occasion. Slime and Grime do not themselves approve of balls. They are office-bearers at the Gothic meeting-house on the other side of the street. But a ball in aid of a "Hospital for the Relief of Delirium Tremens" is a ball *per se*, and Slime and Grime must stretch a point in its favour. So liberal a sentiment is soon bruited about the streets of Badborough, and Slime and Grime win golden

opinions from the public. To be sure these excellent men evinced quite as much energy in preparation for the last Race Ball, but why rake up the past? Why look a gift horse in the mouth? The Hospital is at its last gasp for the tenth time during the last ten years, and funds must be raised by hook or by crook. Honour, then, to Messrs. Slime and Grime for saying a good word for the ball! Damsels of quasi-serious families are very happy, and swallow their scruples with facility. Parents are more slow and awkward. There are conferences and discussions, but of course with only one result. "So useful a charity," sentimentally observes Mr. Brown, "must not be suffered to perish; besides, Arabella and Jane have so few amusements!" "I quite feel," rejoins Mrs. B., "that a ball is a ball; but then only think what a curse is drunkenness! Besides we really must keep up our connexion with the county families." "True enough, my dear, only that tiresome curate rather floored me last Sunday with his text of 'not doing evil that good may come!'" "My love, I never say an ill word of anybody, least of all a minister; but to be consistent the curate ought not to preach at all, for I am sure his sermons are bad enough, whatever good may come of them!" Finally, on the appointed night away roll Mr., Mrs., and the Misses Brown in the family coach, or, may be, a hired fly, to the ball in aid of the "Hospital for the Relief of Delirium Tremens" at Badborough.

Experienced heads of families of a certain age do not greatly delight in balls. Can anything be *primâ facie* more ludicrous than the position of a paterfamilias, moderately portly, thrust into a carriage up to his chin in the muslin skirts of wife and daughters, trundled a number of miles along an indifferent road to a public ball, and arriving just about the time when, in the even tenour of his course, he would be either going to bed or retiring to his study for a stealthy cheroot? Darkness veils the spectacle of the wretched man in his envelope of billowy muslin, and softens the absurdity of his position. But he dare not move. The least change of posture, or protrusion of foot or hand, evokes a feminine shriek from one or other of his fair companions. Either a wreath is displaced or a flower crushed, or the turban of his respectable wife abruptly canted over her nose. An attitude of ghastly rigidity is the only resource for the head of a family who wishes to preserve harmony and avoid making himself a general nuisance. To extricate yourself from a carriage of ladies half smothered in muslin is always a mysterious process. You emerge by a sort of desperate effort. There is a rustling of millinery, and a scream of alarm, followed by a hasty descent upon the pavement with flushed face, eyes wildly staring, and a hat only fit to be presented to the scarecrow fluttering in your kitchen garden.

Charity balls are attended with this inconvenience—everybody is there. We do not mean the conventional everybody—that is, everybody belonging to your own set or the set you most esteem—but the literal everybody, beginning at the Lord Lieutenant, "with a large party of distinguished guests from Castle Mowbray," and ending with Pawkes, the retired chandler, and Mrs., Miss, and Master Pawkes, of "Vermicelli Lodge, near Badborough." Zeal for the welfare of that noble institution "the Hospital for the Relief of Delirium Tremens," combined with the temptation of seeing and being seen, overcomes the misgivings of the serious and the scruples of the economical. The ball-room is therefore crammed. Brown, who has never seen the Lord-lieutenant, vainly strives to obtain a glimpse of his lordship's profile through the crowd, but that horrid Pawkes eternally obstructs the way. Mrs. Brown, half-choked by the crush, strives ineffectually to catch the eye of Sir Francis Fitzpoodle, the amiable young baronet with a retreating chin, who is supposed to be favourably disposed towards Arabella, but the odious countenance of Mrs. Pawkes invariably interposes with a leer of sinister malignity. As for dancing, it is a mere make-believe. "Square" dances consist simply of an arduous struggle on the part of certain men and women drawn up in hostile array, first to force a passage across the room, and then to force a passage back, using any amount of reasonable violence short of actual fisticuffs. "Round" dances are a more serious affair. To the enlightened inhabitant of another planet the spectacle of some fifty couple deliberately commencing to revolve with a teetotum motion in the thick of a dense crowd, the thermometer at 80 degrees, and crinoline in the ascendant, must be a cause of irrepressible amazement and perplexity. The explanation that this singular gymnastic exhibition is undertaken to benefit the funds of a Hospital for the Cure of Delirium Tremens does not tend to satisfy curiosity or tranquillize perturbed feelings.

We remember, during that not entirely satisfactory episode in English history, the late Russian war, an enthusiastic composer of music publishing what he termed "a War Galop." One passage was bracketed in the margin, "Groans of the Dying!" Horrible enough now no doubt to think of, but at that period of martial hubbub and angry excitement, the War Galop gave offence to few, and probably seemed to many a most patriotic effusion. We look back now from a serene height upon that troubled period, and shudder at the notion of tripping the light fantastic toe to a tune imitating the groans of the dying. But whoever has visited the crowded wards of a hospital may well muse in melancholy vein over the contrast between those forms laid prostrate by disease and pale with suffering, and the gaily decorated figures convulsively endeavouring to dance to the tune of a lively air at a charity ball.

It is not enough, however, to dance in aid of the charity. You

must eat your supper and help others to eat. A few of the grandees of the county are paired off and lead the way. The Browns, Pawkeses, and such small fry follow as and how they can. The supper consists, according to next morning's report in the *Badborough Beacon*, "of every luxury of the season." For your own part, looking back to the unpleasant scramble for food dignified by the name of supper, you only remember a "genuine boar's head," whose ears suspiciously resembled a calf's, and the edible portion of which on investigation turned out to be cold shoulder of mutton—a game pie, which so far appeared to be authentic that it was undeniably high—and fine old brown sherry that appeared to be accidentally flavoured with some drug from the laboratory of the hospital.

The newest mode of imparting comfort and decorum to the operation of eating supper at a public ball is to divide the company into troops or sections, and admit one section at a time. The scheme sounds plausible, but has its drawbacks. On a recent occasion we had the privilege of seeing it in operation under the most favourable circumstances. The stewards of the ball were models of courtesy, the company was select, and what is most to the purpose, the supper was good. About a score of couples were admitted to the supper room at a time, and the doors sternly closed in the face of everyone else. Partial to the occupation of watching different varieties of the human race under different phases of excitement, we examined the aspect of affairs both in the supper room and in the lobby immediately adjoining. In the supper room "there were forty feeding like one." There was not any crush or confusion, and there was plenty to devour, yet the guests had an uncomfortable expression of countenance—a guilty look, as if they were poaching on a forbidden manor and might be ejected at any moment. Perhaps it was because, there being plenty of space, everybody felt himself or herself unpleasantly open to the observation of everybody else. Perhaps it was because ominous noises at the door, like "the knocking at the gates" in *Macbeth*, intimated that another batch of forty guests were eager for admission, and thought the present inmates had had quite as much as was good for them. Certain it is that we ate our food in silence and in haste, casting furtive glances to right and left, asking for what we needed in a hurried whisper, and retreating from the feast with more alacrity than we advanced to it. In short, the supper was almost as cheerful a ceremony as that of the funeral of the late lamented Sir John Moore, as recorded in the Reverend Mr. Wolfe's familiar verses. But how fared the company outside? We grieve to say that the excluded guests gave faint indications of impatience. They did not kick the panels of the door in, or yell "Time's up!" through the keyhole. But they looked unhappy, disappointed, and bored. Nay, something like a half-smothered groan of indignation would escape from some unusually stout gentleman with a stouter lady on his arm, when, having by an adroit rush almost crossed that mysterious threshold, a bland steward, with the sweetest of smiles but an uncommonly muscular forearm, would irresistibly repel the hapless pair into the cheerless lobby, and close and lock the door with the rapidity of an experienced turnkey.

The supper at a charity ball is a far more rough and ready affair. Any ingenious scheme of admitting the company by relays would be scouted with disgust. Public feeling would not stand it. After the Lord Lieutenant, Sir Francis Fitzpoodle, and the other grandees, have regaled themselves, the mob rush in, and discipline is as much at a discount as at Bull's Run. We believe the reason why the ordinary Briton of either sex evinces such dogged determination in scrambling for supper is not so much an ill-regulated desire to eat or drink as the national aversion to be beaten or left in the lurch. Having resolved to secure a slice of that withered turkey or a glass of that muddy-coloured negus, you persevere in your intention, though speedily convinced that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. Your toes are crushed by the ponderous heel of Pawkes, and your necktie becomes suddenly undone in consequence of the insertion of the Dowager Lady Fitzpoodle's elbow in the centre of your thorax. But these are trifles. Englishmen never know when they are beaten, and rather than lose the fragment of attenuated turkey or the lukewarm modicum of wine and water, you would at that supreme moment almost surrender life itself, unmindful of what friends and neighbours would suffer if you were removed from amongst them.

The drive home from a charity ball resolves itself into a preliminary stage of feminine chatter, broken by an occasional growl from paterfamilias, and a subsequent declension into heavy slumber, interrupted by the carriage stopping at the door of the family mansion—an abrupt *finale* which shakes the whole party into a state of fretful bewilderment and may be considered the winding-up of the charity ball. Two main incidents not uncommonly stand forth conspicuous in the family annals in connection with the pious dissipation of the evening. First—Mr. Brown mistook one of the stewards for a waiter, but, to make sure, asked if he was one? To which the steward, a man who thought himself something decidedly above par, savagely replied—"No, sir, are you?" Secondly—Arabella, who was to have been so much with Fitzpoodle, the baronet with the retreating chin and extensive landed property, danced three times running with a good-looking fellow with emphatic whiskers, whom Brown suddenly identifies as the newly appointed clerk to the Badborough Board of Guardians. A third incident may be added. What with the extravagant supper, and the band of the 21st Light Dragoons, and the hire of the rooms, and the unlimited allowance of wax candles, and the Wilton carpet in the lobby, and the hothouse flowers from the

nursery-gardens, and the pea-green silk hangings hired from the benevolent Slime and Grime at a shamefully high figure, the net balance handed over to the treasurer of "The Hospital for the Cure or Relief of Delirium Tremens" amounted to a sum so insignificant that it was never communicated to the public, and remains a mystery to this day.

THE FIRST WEDNESDAY.

THE passing distempers to which the growing Session, like every young animal, is constitutionally liable, have set in in a very mitigated form. The predisposition to small Reform Bills about this period of its existence appears to have been altogether overcome. Apparently, the vaccination of the Four Seats' Bill has taken well, and the tendency to a malady which is always dangerous, and may at any time leave behind it a permanent disfigurement, has been thoroughly expelled. Smaller ailments still remain to disturb the even tenor of Parliamentary infancy. No prophylactic has yet been discovered against Church Rates and Deceased Wife's Sisters—the measles and the whooping-cough of young sessional existence. The only precaution to be taken is to get them over as early as possible. Some gratitude is due to Mr. Monckton Milnes for the haste with which he has got through the first, at least, and it is to be hoped the severest of the inevitable discussions upon the deceased wife's sister. Of course, he did not listen to the importunities of those who pleaded the absence of members as a reason for delay. That fact was precisely his motive for pressing on the Bill at this unusual period. Being charged with the duty of administering to the House the chastisement of a notorious annual bore, he tempered justice with mercy by inflicting it on as thin a House as possible.

If the passions of the select few who desire to marry their sisters-in-law do not glow more fiercely than the enthusiasm of those who advocated their cause on Wednesday last, the ladies have no reason to be proud of their suitors. Mr. Milnes, indeed, feeling that for the occasion he was acting the part of Hymeneus, the patron of marriages, was poetical and warm. Yet even his speech fell short of the soft and genial character of the occasion. Something *Fescennine*—an epithalamium composed by himself upon an imaginary deceased wife's sister, and recited to the House with his own inspired emphasis, or, still better, tossed backwards and forwards in the form of strophe and antistrophe between himself and Mr. Spooner—would have befitted the subject, and certainly have enlivened the debate. Or, if Mr. Milnes felt himself unskilled in epithalamiums, a composition of a more plaintive and pastoral character would have sufficed—say an eclogue, in *Amœbean* form, in which he should sing the praises of sisters-in-law, and Mr. Spooner should reply with the praises of grandmothers, and Mr. Speaker, in a few appropriate stanzas, should award the mace as a prize to the most melodious of the two contending shepherds. Seriously, some such diversion will be necessary on future occasions to avert the ignominy of this great moral, religious, and social question being summarily disposed of by the whole House going to sleep. Surely a hymeneal theme might inspire a more animated discussion. Such languid speeches were a disgrace to a debate warmed by the blushes of so many scrupulous, fluttering, but half-persuaded brides.

The great feature of the discussion was Mr. Collier's announcement of the principle on which our future legislation is to be based. It has all the qualities of a great political principle—concise, sententious, grand. "The natural principle is, that any man may marry any woman." It rings like the sentence defining human freedom which is prefixed as a preamble to the American Constitution; and no doubt it will be remembered in future ages as the first "declaration of amatory independence." It is a sentiment as noble as that of the young woman who founded the sect of Free Lovers in the United States, and who claimed to assume the functions of a mother "when I choose, where I choose, and by whom I choose." But it alarmed his own friends not a little. The promoters of the Bill had no such revolutionary views. They were perfectly prepared to narrow and pare down the principle of the Bill to any required point. They only desired "to remedy each grievance as it arose," and as the grievance in the present case was, that "the person or persons," as Mr. Walpole phrased it, who constituted the Marriage Law Amendment Association found himself or themselves in an uncomfortable social position, the Bill would have effected its purpose if its operations had been confined to a very narrow scope indeed. Already, in previous years, the measure has been limited to England, for the sake of evading opposition; and, probably it might undergo still further limitations without injury to its genuine object. If a compromise were possible, to the effect that the marriages in question should be legalised only in the cases of names beginning with a particular letter in the alphabet, we have little doubt that it would be eagerly accepted by a considerable proportion of the promoters of the Bill.

As a matter of tactics, it is perhaps unfortunate that a theological ground has been taken up against this measure, whatever the tenability of that ground may be. Polemical controversies are proverbially endless; but they present themselves in their most unsatisfactory aspect when only three or four hours are allowed for their discussion, and nobody thinks it necessary to keep to the point. Few more desperate tasks could be conceived than that of having to expound a thorny passage in *Leviticus* to a House of Commons longing for a division. And the House of Commons shrinks very naturally from the function which these theological

debates assign to it. It does not feel at all like an assembly of divines, and does not take heartily to the duties of such a body. A knotty point of Hebraic exegesis is a perplexing subject for legislative decision, even in an assembly which has the advantage of the advice of so many Jews. Mr. Milnes and Mr. Blackburn are powerful divines in their way; but even with their help the House of Commons feels nervous when it sets to work to draw an exact line between the moral and the ceremonial law. If the secular side of the subject had been substituted for the religious, and the luxury of anathema had been indulged in with more moderation, it is probable that the question would never have attained to its present stature. As a matter of fact, theology has very little to do with the question on either side. It is not the love of religious liberty that pleads for the Bill, nor the timorousness of orthodoxy that chiefly obstructs it. The cloud of texts that darken the air are merely discharged to screen the operations of motives and considerations of a far homelier kind.

If the Bill could be passed through the Palace of Truth, and made to emerge with a title corresponding to its genuine object, it would be intitled "An Act for encouraging the neighbours of Mrs. — and Mrs. — to leave cards upon them." This may not be all that the measure will effect, but it is the motive power of the agitation, the secret of the enthusiasm which has given so much vitality to a controversy of so tedious a character, and to a grievance of so limited an incidence. With the poorer classes, there are a certain number of solid advantages—bound up, it is true, with a still greater number of equally palpable disadvantages—to be attained by the passing of this Bill. But the poor are not agitating on the point, and Dr. Lushington's statistics, quoted by Mr. Walpole, show how sparingly this kind of marriage is practised among them. With the rich, who do agitate, it is simply a question of social consideration. It is a mere matter of paste-board, great and small—of visiting cards, and invitations to dinner. The actual pressure of the law upon them is very light indeed. Except in the case of entails, which, having been made in contemplation of the existing state of the law, could not be set aside without a manifest violation of private rights, the law throws no substantial impediment in their way. They may be married in a neighbouring country with any species of religious rite for which they may have a fancy; they may live together under the same name, and leave all their goods to their children, without once being reminded in any practical manner by the law that it does not recognise their marriage. It is perfectly true that there are serious inconveniences attaching to these marriages; but they are not inconveniences imposed by law. They are the penalties inflicted by outraged opinion, not by violated law. It is not Lord Lyndhurst's Act that troubles the repose of Mrs. —, whose husband is moving heaven and earth to have Lord Lyndhurst's Act repealed. It is the fact that her country neighbours will not call on her, that her old friends will not ask her to dinner, that she cannot go to Court, that the clergyman fights shy of letting her a pew, that her servants ask extra wages just as when they engage themselves in St. John's Wood, and that she dare not bow to any of her old acquaintances for fear of exposing herself to a humiliating cut. In fact, she finds that for all practical purposes she might just as well be a pretty horse-breaker. No doubt this is a mortifying state of things, and must tend to dulness in the domestic circle, besides leading to all kinds of difficulties when the time has come for "bringing out the girls." We can readily understand that the investment of a few thousands in agitation would be money well laid out, if it could procure an escape from this life-long Coventry. But are the promoters of the Bill simple enough to imagine that an Act of Parliament will alter the public feeling of the country? Is Popery less abhorred in England because the penal laws have been repealed? Or has the Royal Marriage Act, repugnant as it is to English sentiment, succeeded in dishonouring those who have defied it? The agitators are beginning at the wrong end. Their grievance, if it be one, is inflicted by public opinion; and to public opinion they must go for its redress. Lord Lyndhurst's Act, if it were not reinforced by the general feelings of the community, would be practically inoperative, and could not have maintained its position on the statute-book for more than a quarter of a century. If ever these marriages come to be regarded as legitimate by society, it is not a statute more or less that will check them.

MR. CHARLES KEAN.

THE actors of Drury Lane Theatre, by no means the aristocrats of their profession, still rejoice in the dignity conferred in old times by the title of "Her Majesty's Servants." At other houses, a play is simply performed on such and such an evening. At Drury Lane, "Her Majesty's Servants" officially declare that they have taken upon themselves the task of recreating the public. When, four-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Charles Kean commenced his career as a matured tragedian, he found the manager of "Old Drury" in possession of a qualified monopoly that had existed since the days of Charles II. The monopoly is now destroyed, partly through the exertions of literary aspirants who fancied that, by the demolition of exclusive privileges, a poetical drama would spring up in every corner of London, and revive the old days of the Globe, the Bull, and the Fortune—partly through the short-sighted policy of the monopolist managers themselves,

who unwittingly played the game of their adversaries. When those who had the exclusive right to perform Shakspeare jealously guarded the right against all encroachment, and at the same time allowed nothing but opera and ballet to be produced on their boards, a cry for reform could scarcely be resisted. Had the patents of Drury Lane and Covent Garden imposed duties while they conferred privileges, the successors of Killigrew and Davenant would probably have retained to the present day the position of their managerial forefathers. He must be a mere dreamer who supposes that the Continental principle of Government subvention could be introduced into a country so decidedly antagonistic as England to every form of centralization. Nevertheless, a hint from Paris might possibly have been taken with advantage. Not only is the repertory of the *Théâtre Français* safe from the aggression of any other establishment, with the single exception of the Odéon, but the manager of the literary theatre is in return prevented from meddling with opera and ballet. From the dawn of the drama, the French seem clearly to have perceived that tragedy and comedy belonged to one category, music and dancing to another, and that a charter conferring the right of performing all of them without distinction could not greatly conduce to the advancement of art.

The managers of the London Patent Theatres were able to do everything, and when they found the taste of the public taking a direction away from Melpomene and Thalia, they naturally enough pursued the course which was apparently the most profitable. Literary gentlemen whose ponderous plays were left unacted fondly imagined that a broad field was all that was required for the display of their genius. The literary gentlemen gained the victory, but dramatic literature has not profited thereby. A quarter of a century ago, tragedy could be legally performed at three theatres only, and tragedies were rarely produced. At the present time, perfect liberty is accorded to a score of managers to play whatever they please, and a new tragedy is a thing altogether unknown. The only beneficial result of the abolition of the patent is the elevation of Sadler's Wells; and surely when we see that a movement urged by "all the talents" of London has merely tended to the cultivation of Clerkenwell, we may be excused if we think of such a trite quotation as "Parturiunt montes."

When Mr. Kean made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, the old monopoly was approaching its close; but something of the ancient glory still clung to the ancient place. He comes back to it now when the monopoly has long been demolished, and finds a house, not only deprived of its time-honoured prestige, but even destitute of a company capable of tolerably representing dramas of the higher class. The managerial energies at "Old Drury" are concentrated in the production of a splendid pantomime at Christmas. No outlay is grudged which furnishes the stage with the most gorgeous of "transformation scenes," the most agile of Harlequins, the funniest of Clowns, the largest troop of faery mannikins. But in order to appear in an ordinary tragedy, Mr. Charles Kean must bring his company with him. He must not only act—he must colonize. The two Misses Chapman, Mr. Everett, and Mr. Cathcart, who accompany Mrs. Kean and him through the "provinces," and act with him at Drury Lane, are positively necessary for an enduring representation of the plays in their repertory. Once, an artist might consider the mere fact that he had been called to appear at Drury Lane as a cause of justifiable pride. Now, the lustre of the theatre must be derived from that of the actor, who ought to wear a halo of large dimensions to light up the establishment. The connexion of Mr. Kean with Drury Lane is like that of Sir Robert Peel with Tamworth, or of Lord Palmerston with Tiverton. It is not the place that makes the man illustrious, but the man that ennobs the place.

For any melancholy reflections that may arise in Mr. Kean's mind, when he compares the Drury of former years with the Drury of the present day, he may, however, amply console himself by the thought that the national drama is no longer attached to a place but to a person—and that that person is himself. He began his career just as the old patents were about to expire, but by his own genius, his own zeal, his own artistic conscientiousness, he has secured a portable patent of which no one can deprive him. In 1850 he settled himself at the Princess's Theatre, previously opened for every variety of stage entertainment, and at once it became the focus of the poetical drama, fulfilling precisely those purposes to which the larger houses would have been limited if their privileges had been granted in the interests of dramatic literature. Only through wilful ignorance can the fact be overlooked that, during the nine years of Mr. Kean's management, the Princess's was virtually the theatre of London, by the side of which all the rest were virtually "minors," however large their dimensions. His Shakspearian "revivals," as they were called—till the word became established with a perfectly concrete signification—ranked high among the "lions" of their time, exciting the curiosity and admiration even of those who voted Shakspeare "slow," and of those who, under ordinary circumstances, feign enthusiasm for the lyrical drama alone.

Men of eminence are always convenient targets for missiles. Not only does their position especially expose them to the eye of the marksman, but the latter may be certain that every one of his shots will be witnessed by a large body of spectators. No one has been more relentlessly doomed to experience this least desirable fate of genius than Mr. Charles Kean—no one has been more frequently the subject of depreciatory criticism. While, almost

in opposition to the apparently established direction of public taste, he was achieving a success at the Princess's Theatre which drew upon him the regards of the whole country, an attempt was industriously made to place at a minimum the merits by which the success was attained. The theory was set on foot that Mr. Kean, who for more than a dozen years had been familiar to the world as a universally attractive tragic actor, and in that capacity only had acquired the means by which he effected the magnificent "revivals" at the Princess's Theatre, owed his prosperity rather to his management than to his histrionic talent. No theory could have been more fallacious. As a tragedian, he had constantly been in the receipt of salaries large almost beyond precedent. As a manager, he was attempting to found an unprivileged national theatre at a rate of expenditure which precluded anything like the prospect of extensive emolument.

It was with admirable tact that, midway in his managerial career, Mr. Charles Kean hit upon a practical answer to all those who attributed his high reputation to the excellence of his decorations. He produced a version of M. Casimir Delavigne's *Louis XI.*, without any accessories that could in the slightest degree charm the eye, and, by his marvellous delineation of the principal character, at once showed where the secret of his success really lay—namely, in his own intrinsic worth as a histrionic artist. People who, from some inexplicable cause, chose to forget the exquisite finish of his Hamlet, and were ready to ignore the fine pathos of his Wolsey, while they gazed on the glories of York-place Palace, were completely taken aback by his representation of the roguish old Valois. Here was a new character, wonderfully developed. Many persons were plainly taught for the first time what they ought to have known long before, that Mr. Charles Kean, when he pleased, could do very well without accessories.

As we have said, Mr. Kean has with him a portable patent, conferred by public opinion. He quits the Princess's in 1859, and it becomes one of the ordinary London theatres. Sanguine folks, imbued perhaps with something like a spirit of faction, are sufficiently captivated by the really intellectual merits of M. Fechter's Hamlet, seriously to believe that we are really about to have our national drama re-established in Oxford-street under a foreign dynasty. They forget that the English stage loses one of its most important attributes when it ceases to be a school of English elocution, and that, however willing we may be on occasion to applaud a French artist, who, in spite of insurmountable difficulties, contrives to express the language of Shakspeare, the approbation bestowed upon him must be to a certain extent "under protest." The Othello of M. Fechter was not an advance upon his Hamlet. French training seemed less fitted to develop the strong physical qualities of the Moor than the more ethical peculiarities of the Dane; and the book which M. Fechter published to explain his interpretation promulgated an unsound theory on the subject of tradition, according to which every artist ought to be a pre-Raphaelite—every Hapsburg a Rudolph. John Bull, no longer the prejudiced curmudgeon of sixty years since, is ready to applaud the foreigner who under any circumstances does his best; but when the foreigner begins to dictate how John Bull's own business is to be done, the insular feeling revives.

For a few weeks Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean are engaged at Drury Lane Theatre, and the old house at once becomes the centre of the dramatic world. Hitherto they have appeared in the two plays that require no accessories—*Louis XI.* and *The Wife's Secret*—for where, indeed, would accessories be found at Drury Lane, save for the decoration of a pantomime? They have been nightly applauded to the echo, not as the idols of a transient faction, but as the first theatrical artists of the day, whom, for past deserts and present excellence, it is almost a duty to applaud.

REVIEWS.

HOOK'S LIVES OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY.*

THE succession of Archbishops of Canterbury has some point of likeness to the succession of Presidents, of the United States. In both cases a period of great men has been succeeded by a period of small men. The first half-dozen or so among the American Presidents were as able a series of chief magistrates as can be found in the annals of any State, whether commonwealth or kingdom. They did not all follow the same policy, but the party favouring a particular policy fairly put its best man at its head. We should most of us agree in greatly preferring Washington to Jefferson, but there is no doubt about either of them being quite strong enough for the place. What the Presidents have been for nearly thirty years past, we all know too well. Not to use stronger words, they have been as manifestly below the average English Prime Minister of these times as the early Presidents were above the average English Prime Minister of those times. The same law which affects the Presidential chair seems also to have affected the Archiepiscopal throne. The descent from Lanfranc, Thomas of London, and Stephen of Langton to—we will not wound the feelings of contemporaries, but say Moore and Cornwallis, is a close parallel to the descent from Washington and Jefferson to Polk and Pierce. There may possibly be a good reason for the change in both cases, but the fact of the change is indisputable.

* *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury.* By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., Dean of Chichester. Volume ii. Anglo-Norman Period. London: Bentley. 1862.

We can quite fancy that a very able President would be dangerous. We have no manner of doubt that a very able Archbishop would be very dangerous. A Primate of the heroic type, whether his theology were High, Low, or Broad, would be one of the most trouble some people possible in the state of things in which we live. The qualifications of a modern Archbishop are something like those of a constitutional King. A great genius and a great fool would be equally out of place in either office. For either a genius or a fool would wish to have his own way, and to step beyond the constitutional routine traced out for him. King and Primate alike need a collection of negative virtues kept in order by tact and good sense. A King and a Primate of the twelfth century were quite different kind of people. In that age, in England at least, they were often positively great men—almost always men decidedly above the average. The great Kings and the great Archbishops of that age have a splendid look in history. But then the great Kings and the great Archbishops were always quarrelling with one another. Anselm and William the Red could not draw the plough together. Anselm wanted to pull one way and William another, and nobody held the shafts. The modern Sovereign and the modern Primate pull together in perfect harmony; but that is because each is kept in his place by a conventional personage, the subject of the one, the inferior in rank of the other, who holds a hand of decorous guidance alike over the successor of William and the successor of Anselm.

Dr. Hook has here given us the lives of eleven Archbishops, reaching over 158 years, A.D. 1070—1228. Of these all were eminent in some way or other. None of them were very small men, some of them were very great men. They were all marked in some way or other, whether as saints, or scholars, or statesmen, or patriots. Thomas and Stephen Langton are among the foremost names in English history. Lanfranc and Anselm are only just less prominent in the history of England, and they are far more prominent in the general history of Christendom. Baldwin and Hubert were famous statesmen—we must add soldiers into the bargain. Ralph, William, Richard, and even Theobald, were smaller men, but they were far from being contemptible in the eyes of contemporaries. If they left no particular mark on their age, they were men quite up to the ordinary duties of their office, in days when those ordinary duties were what we should now think very extraordinary. Like the boatswain in Peter Simple, a twelfth-century primate led a life of "mergency." All the eleven seem to have been quite able to get creditably through such a life. An Archbishop's business then was as eminently to do something as it is now preeminently to do nothing. The twelfth century and the nineteenth differ in the end proposed in the choice of an Archbishop, but they certainly agree in choosing out the best men to carry out their respective ends.

Dr. Hook's treatment of the period contained in the second volume is in some respects an improvement on his treatment of earlier times, though in others it is hardly so satisfactory. Certainly the mistakes in the present volume are very much fewer than those in the first. But the general treatment does not please us so much. It is more like what we expected beforehand that a history by Dr. Hook would be, and what the first volume certainly was not. It is far more controversial. Dr. Hook sees the events of the twelfth century through the spectacles of modern Anglicanism. The tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities are always before his eyes. He dispenses praise and blame pretty much as people opposed the Pope or obeyed him. He has a theory about Church and State and the ecclesiastical independence of England, against which, abstractedly, we have nothing to say. But it is rather hard to drive it down the throats of people in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, and to judge them according as they receive it or not. Lanfranc meets Dr. Hook's idea of a proper Church and State Archbishop—Lanfranc therefore is glorified. Anselm is not sound according to the Dean's theory of the Regale and the Pontificate—Anselm therefore is depreciated. Now it does not do to look at these times with the feelings of the nineteenth century, or even with those of the thirteenth. The resistance of the whole English nation to combined regal and papal exactions in the reign of Henry the Third is one of the noblest pages in our history. But in those days there was a united English nation; nobles, clergy, and commons all joined in a single manifesto against the common enemy. Whether the course was quite so clear when the choice lay between an Italian Pope and a Norman King is another matter. No doubt it was better in the long run that the principles of Henry the First or even of William the Red should triumph over those of St. Anselm. But there is no greater mistake than to estimate men's actions by far distant results which they could not foresee. It was much better in the long run that William should overthrow Harold at Senlac; but all Englishmen except Professor Kingsley sympathize with Harold, and not with William. It does not make us think the least bit better of Lanfranc, or the worse of Anselm, that the conduct of Lanfranc comes nearer than that of Anselm to the conduct which would be proper in a modern Archbishop. Lanfranc comes nearer to the pattern of modern Anglican orthodoxy than Anselm; but Anselm was nevertheless a saint and a hero struggling for a principle, while Lanfranc was little more than a tool of the Norman tyrant in his subjugation of England. Dr. Hook finds it exceedingly hard to get modern controversies out of his head; but till a man does get them out of his head, he cannot judge with any fairness of the ecclesiastical history of the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

To this tendency of Dr. Hook's there is, however, one very re-

markable exception. Just where the temptation must have been strongest, he has risen completely above it. This was probably just because it was strongest. Of all archbishops, almost of all men, in English history, there is no man whose character and position require so strong an effort truly to realize it as do those of Thomas of Canterbury. Because the effort was so needful, Dr. Hook has made it; in the cases of Lanfranc and Anselm the need was not so apparent, and he did not make the effort. The result is a life of Thomas of very much higher character than the lives of Lanfranc and Anselm. His portraits of both King and Archbishop are thoroughly fair. Dean Milman, the only historian who had treated the whole subject in an impartial spirit, was, we think, needlessly harsh upon both. Other writers have written in a blind spirit of party on one side or the other, or else in a spirit of carping and jeering which is much worse than either. Dr. Hook is fully up to the newest lights on the subject, and we think his treatment of this life altogether the best thing in his book. He fully realizes the position of Thomas as a great man, a sincere man, but a man removed from a place for which he was thoroughly fit to one for which his virtues and his faults alike unfitted him. He thoroughly understands that a man may, without a shadow of hypocrisy, be yet playing an artificial part. Thomas, made Archbishop against his will, honestly took up the received idea of an archbishop's duty, but he naturally carried it out awkwardly and overdid it. Anselm was a saint without any effort—Thomas spent his primal life in a laborious attempt to make himself one. Once realize his false position—and the various developments of his character, and the various opinions held of him by his perplexed contemporaries, become at once intelligible. Dr. Hook steers quite clear either of blind admiration or of harsh depreciation of a man in whom great powers and great virtues were thrown away. He brings thoroughly out the fact and the causes of Thomas' popularity with the mass of the people throughout his career. But he is not carried away into Thierry's baseless notion of his either being of Old-English blood or being in any way a conscious champion of Englishmen against Normans. Altogether, this, the most important life in the volume, is highly successful. The story has been told before with greater brilliancy of narration and with a greater amount of original research, but we do not think that it has ever been told with a more sincere, or, on the whole, more successful desire to do justice to all concerned.

As has been often remarked, the controversies about this Prelate extend to his very name. Dr. Hook employs the common form Thomas Becket—sometimes even the mere vulgarism Thomas à Becket—on the avowed ground of mere usage. But he allows that Thomas of London—he suggests Thomas of Cheapside—is the more accurate description. Yet he partly misses the point of the dispute. It is doubtful whether Thomas was called Becket in his own time; it is quite certain that, even if his full name was Thomas Becket, no man of his own time ever spoke of him as Becket only. The surname then, when a man had any, was used simply to distinguish different men of the same Christian name from one another. Thomas' contemporary and rival, Gilbert, Bishop of London, undoubtedly bore the surname of Foliot, but no man of his age ever called him Bishop Foliot, but always Bishop Gilbert. To say "Becket" did so and so, "Foliot" did so and so, destroys a characteristic trait of the age, quite irrespective of the question whether Thomas bore the surname Becket or not. Several other Archbishops in this volume have surnames, but, except sometimes Stephen Langton, no one save Thomas is ever called by them either by Dr. Hook or by anybody else. Hubert, for instance, had the surname Walters or Fitzwalter, but nobody calls him anything but Archbishop Hubert. To say Becket or Foliot in a casual mention or allusion is quite another matter. There, Dr. Hook's plea of common usage comes in—you call the man in whatever way is most intelligible to the world at large. But in a regular history or biography, where you try to reproduce the age of which you write, it is clearly an error.

Dr. Hook still continues fond of commenting and moralizing, and of illustrating the times of which he writes by modern manners and by passing events. His remarks are often so obvious as to be almost truisms rather than truths; we have even known stern critics go so far as to call them platitudes. But we are by no means clear that these truisms or platitudes are useless or out of place. Dr. Hook writes with the praiseworthy intention of beguiling the general reader into the study of ecclesiastical history. Now the general reader, if you once get fairly hold of him, is a docile and patient being who rather likes a little preaching than otherwise. Many things are startling novelties to him which the scholar looks on as too stale to be repeated. We suspect that Dr. Hook's slightly sermonizing way will help to make his book, and the valuable matter which it contains, go down with a class of readers who are commonly beyond the reach of professed scholars. If so, we have not a word to say against it.

We think, as we have said, that Dr. Hook has improved in point of accuracy, but he is still not infallible. It is mere perversity to efface the language of the period by translating (p. 117, 136) "Normans and Saxons," when the Latin is "Franci" and "Angli." "The Saxon serf and the Norman villain" (p. 19) are beyond us. Unless we are greatly mistaken, the penances which Dr. Hook (p. 147) makes Lanfranc impose on "soldiers" generally were confined to Englishmen who had fought for their country at Senlac. There was no humanity in the order; it was a vile profanation of ecclesiastical discipline to abet the Conqueror's tyranny. Sir Robert Walpole (p. 233) did not "maintain that every man had his price." His saying was, "All

those men have their price." It sounds odd to translate "summum totius regni caput," in a writer of the twelfth century, by "the metropolis of the kingdom." (p. 319.) In p. 552, "Abbas de Bello," that is, of course, "Abbot of Battle," is strangely turned into "Abbot of Bath"—an impossible description of anybody, the abbacy of Bath being, as in all the monastic cathedrals, merged in the Bishoprick. Dr. Hook does not seem (p. 356) to know that the whole of the Life of St. Thomas, by Garnier of Pont St. Maxence, has been published by M. Hippeau of Caen. Professor Bekker published only a part. The Dean also, like most other people, is not lucky when he gets among the Eastern Emperors. He tells us, speaking of the year 1039:—

The Emperor of the East had, till lately, continued to exercise some amount of influence in Italy. For some time after the conquest of Italy by the Lombards, the Greeks still possessed some isolated ports and fortified positions along the coast. In these places, as well as in Venice, Ravenna, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Gaeta, Naples, Amalfi, and Bari, the ancient civilization, with its literature, lingered.

This is a wonderful description of the retention of the Exarchate and the Roman Duchy for two hundred years, and not merely of "some isolated ports," but of the greater part of the modern kingdom of Naples, down almost to the time of which Dr. Hook is writing. After reading this, it is still stranger to find Dr. Hook, while solemnly quoting "Orderic Vital. iv. 3," repeating the stupid blunder of Thierry and Dr. Vaughan, which has caused a good deal of merriment in more places than one. Dr. Hook tells us how the English exiles went to Constantinople, and how they "had the happiness of defeating the hated Normans, when, under Robert Guiscard, they invaded the province of Apulia." Therefore the Emperor of the East, who in 1039 had lately lost his "few isolated ports," must, between that year and 1070, have recovered the whole "province of Apulia." It is quite beyond us to understand how three writers, one after another, could thus have contrived to show, not only that they had not so much as read or remembered Gibbon, or looked at Spruner's Map, but that they could not construe the plain passage of the writer which they professed to quote. The words of Orderic are:—

Contra quem (Alexium) Rodbertas Wiscardus Apulie Dux cum suis omnibus arma levaverat.

Robert, Duke of Apulia, starting from his own Duchy, crossed the Adriatic, invaded the Byzantine territory, and fought a battle near Dyrrhachium. Three writers, one after another, turn this into an invasion of Apulia, supposed to be still a Byzantine province, by Robert Guiscard, starting from nobody knows where. So is history written.

We can, however, afford to forgive all this, and much more, to Dr. Hook. We wish him good luck in his future labours, though, as he has certainly passed the heroic age of Primates, no volume, at least till he comes to the sixteenth century, is likely to be so interesting as the present.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF SPAIN.*

THE publication of this valuable addition to the stock of our materials for writing or understanding the history of Spain, at the exact epoch of its most extreme decadence, is due to the liberality and care of Mr. Stirling of Keir. He tells us in the preface that he bought the manuscript seven or eight years ago at a book sale in London, and that from its appearance he judges it to be the fair copy, intended for press, of the original work. These Memoirs were written by the Marquis de Villars, twice French ambassador at the Court of Spain, for the benefit and instruction of the Marquis de Blécourt, who was sent to represent Louis XIV. at the anxious moment when the will of the imbecile monarch of Spain was to be read, and the distribution of his vast heritage was to be made known to the world. The Marquis de Villars was ambassador for the second time from 1679 to 1682, and it is the observations he made during that time that he chronicles in these Memoirs. He was a man who had been the architect of his own fortunes, and had seen life in a great variety of aspects. He had also a companion in his wife who was sure to stimulate him in the exercise of all his powers of reading the secrets of a Court. Her letters have come down to us, and, as Mr. Stirling says, are the pleasantest sketches we have of the life and manners of Castile in the eighteenth century, and give us the most reliable account we possess as to the gloomy existence led in the Court of the expiring Royalty of Spain. Her husband's Memoirs complete the picture she has left. In these pages, we see all the worst woes accumulated, except the miseries of civil war, that bad government ever brings on a nation. The people are in the last stage of distress. There is no money and little food. Pestilence rages. Every office is bought and sold. All the higher posts are in the hands of men whose utter incapacity has reached that final stage when even the traditions of method and order seem obliterated. The Court is the dullest, pettiest, narrowest, most miserable of human societies; and at the head of all is the wretched being whose lot it was to sit in the seat of Ferdinand and Charles V.

The Memoirs are written in so truthful and unpretending a way, and the author was so sincerely anxious to communicate knowledge to a person who practically wanted it, that we cannot expect to find in these pages any approach to the vivid and impressive picture in which Lord Macaulay has summed up all that study or imagination

* *Mémoires de la Cour d'Espagne, sous le règne de Charles II., 1678—1682.* Par le Marquis de Villars. Londres: Trübner, 1861.

revealed to him of the character and life of Charles II. There is no writing for effect here; and there is little, perhaps, that is absolutely new. But, as we read, we have the satisfaction of feeling that we are in the hands of a shrewd observer, of a man who had a just sense of what it is worth while to say, and of a critic whose criticism was the fruit of a wide experience. The Marquis de Villars was sent as ambassador to Madrid at the time when the influence of France had just achieved a triumph, and a French princess, Maria Louisa of Orleans, had been accepted as Queen of Spain. It was impossible that a more melancholy fate could be allotted to any young woman, and the pages in which the Marquis records the Queen's sorrows and troubles are the most interesting in his chronicle. He tells us how bitter was the change which everything underwent in her eyes, after she had once crossed the fatal boundary. She came a bright, happy girl, accustomed to please and enjoy herself, delighting in exercise and recreation, and never forced to do anything but amuse herself and all around her. She crossed the frontier stream, and she was taken possession of by a retinue of horrible, stiff, jealous duennas. She was obliged to live night and day in the strictest bonds of the most rigid etiquette. She was handed over to a husband who, in his imbecile jealousy, was so distrustful of her, that he actually saw an object of his royal suspicion in a poor French beggar who one day asked her for a sou. She had no money. The poverty of the Court must indeed have been something quite inconceivable to a daughter of France. The King and Queen were, on two distinct occasions recorded in these Memoirs, prevented from going a very short excursion at a time of the year when long precedent made the move almost indispensable, and that which kept them at home was solely the want of money. They actually could not afford to go to the Escorial. The Queen had to discharge most of her servants and give up most of her horses; and while she had none of the grandeur, or luxury, or honour of royalty, she had all its disagreeables in the most painful shape. She was just enough of importance to be the victim of intrigues, and not enough of importance for any one to take real pains to oblige her. She was a prey to the rivalry of a mother-in-law, and of a stern tyrant, known as the Camerera Mayor, or, as we should say, Mistress of the Robes. The persecution of the latter was so violent, that the Queen at last took heart and asked the King to be allowed to change her. The King assented, but told her that it was a very grave question who was to be appointed as the next occupant of the office, since it was a rule that no Queen could change her Camerera Mayor more than once.

These Memoirs are full of the intrigues of the *grandees* who thought they had a claim to be Prime Minister. Apparently, the only object of success was to prevent others succeeding. When a Prime Minister was appointed, his work was over. After infinite trouble and a vast expenditure of intrigue and interest, the Duke of Medina Celi was pronounced the lucky man. He was the Prime Minister, and his first step was to go straight to bed and stay there. He thought that if he got up he would have to distribute patronage, and do something. So he took to his sheets, and they protected him against the cares of office. It was not that the mode of doing business at the Court of Charles II. was lax and irregular. Plenty of Courts have done business carelessly and irregularly. But the characteristic feature of his court was, that no one did any business at all. The foreign Ministers could get no audiences, and one of them went away home, because it was useless to stay where no one would listen to him, and his master seized on a couple of Spanish vessels to settle the matter in the only way open to him. The only faint intervention that any Minister ever exercised, and in which the King could be got to take a part, was when it was apprehended that some public office that might be sold would be given gratis. The Queen was once anxious to have a place given so as to gratify one of her personal attendants; but the Minister and his master would not hear of so shocking a precedent as not selling an office of public trust. Every now and then things got very bad, and some one started the dangerous notion that it was really time to inquire into the exact state of affairs, and apply a thorough and an open remedy. If he was a nobody, his suggestion was repaid by degradation and punishment. If he was a somebody, his suggestion was referred to the consideration of a junta, or special commission. The commissioners did as little as they were meant to do. A junta was appointed, for example, to ascertain the financial position of the country. For two years they did nothing, and at the end of that time they calmly reported that, if they were really to inquire into the finances, there was no knowing how long they might not have to go on, and so their commission was given up.

It is astonishing what nations will endure, and the Spaniards endured all this wretched mockery of government without any effort to get something better. The only sign of popular agitation noticed in these Memoirs is an uprising of shoemakers, indignant at a decree fixing an unremunerative price for shoes. Like most agitations in Spain, it was instantly successful, and shoes were allowed to rise and fall with the market. A country so backward as Spain depends chiefly on the rudest products of the half-cultivated soil, and while they are to be found, the mass of the people secures the miserable subsistence to which it is accustomed. But the Spanish towns felt keenly in the days of Charles II. the loss of the old wealth, and power, and wise administration. The Marquis takes Seville as a conspicuous instance. That great city, so favoured by its natural position, and once so enriched by the traffic that rolled through its streets, had been, at the time he wrote, reduced to a fourth of its population, and while the taxes had increased three-

fold, the resources to produce them had dwindled to a third. Industry was paralysed, not only by the general torpor that oppressed the country, but by the endless fluctuations in the value of money, caused by the folly of Ministers who thought it the most cunning device of statesmanship to tamper with the currency. The Spaniards had not even the satisfaction of safety. Their army had perished like everything else. The time had come when Spain was actually afraid of Portugal, and yet on the frontier of Estremadura there were only two regiments of infantry, the ranks of which were not filled up. In 1680 the governors of two important frontier-towns came to Court to represent that their garrisons were dying of want, if the name of garrisons could be applied to the handfuls of old or married soldiers, left behind by the young and single, who had deserted to seek brighter fortunes elsewhere. All these commanders got was a few empty promises, which no one ever dreamt of carrying out. To all these national humiliations and misery there was only one compensation. In the hour of their deepest degradation the most Catholic of European peoples had one great satisfaction. The glorious custom of burning Jews alive, which had sunk into abeyance for forty-eight years, was renewed, and the Marquis de Villars was invited to be present at an august ceremonial when eighteen Jews, male and female, two relapsed converts, and a Mussulman, were tortured in honour of the faith. "The monks burnt them with the slow fire of torches, in order to convert them; several persons sprang on the platform and hacked them with swords; and the mob pelted them with stones." France, in the days of Madame de Maintenon, was not over lenient to heretics, and the Marquis was too prudent a man and too good a Catholic to question openly the propriety of burning Jews alive over a slow fire. But he remarks that, to any one not accustomed to Spanish notions, it seemed odd that the Inquisitor should be seated above the King, and that the most horrible tortures should have been arranged so as to give the King the fullest delight in seeing them. The Court of Spain, at the end of the seventeenth century, was little better than barbarism with the vices of civilization.

THE COST OF A CORONET.*

IT would be an act of wise liberality on the part of the Belgians to set up a novelist of their own. If they are not wholly indifferent to the reputation they will enjoy, not only with contemporary cockneydom, but also with their own distant posterity, they will not grudge the expense; for they will not be allowed to descend into the obscurity which they modestly, and very reasonably, think is best fitted for their deserts. When the inquiring New Zealander catalogues and classifies the extinct literature of England, he will find that at least half of its lighter specimens are devoted to the study and celebration of the peculiarities of "the fashionable world." No doubt he will wonder, as we all wonder now, how it is that so many people can care to write, and so many more to read, such a formidable array of disquisitions upon a class so limited in number, and whom they all, with one consent, agree to depict as in every way contemptible. But so it is. Arguing *a priori*, one would have thought that there could be few less remunerative industries than that of describing and redescribing how people who happen to live upon Lord Westminster's property dress and dine, and dance and flirt. But it is evident that the avidity for this interesting information is enormous and insatiable. The interest seems to increase in proportion as the possibility of contact is more remote. It is one of those cases of unrequited attachment in which love is nourished by distance. The denizens of the West End care little to be told about the fashionable world. The taste becomes somewhat heartier in the suburbs; it rises to a fierce passion in the circulating libraries of small watering-places and country-towns; and it reaches its culmination in the *feuilletons* of the penny papers that circulate at the East End. Of course these readers beget writers like unto them, to whom Belgravia and May Fair are as inexhaustible a subject for myths as ever were the Trojan war or the Holy Grail. If the Belgravians have the slightest care for their reputation, they will lose no time in retaining some one of the novelists who live amongst them to publish an authorized version of their sayings and doings. It should contain attested specimens of all the scenes upon which the imaginations of the Jenkins' school of novelists run riot. There should be an authentic narrative of a flirtation between a young lady of the cream of fashion and a Guardsman warranted fast. The details of a tender love-scene between them should be added, if any occurrence of that character has taken place within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The exact account of one of those mercenary proposals which Mr. Coleridge at the Windham trial described as being constantly made by aged Marquises and Earls to aristocratic Lady Marys, would be very interesting; and an enumeration of the tears shed by the young ladies in question after the said proposals might be serviceable for correcting popular views upon the subject of victimized daughters and cruel parents. An accurate report of the conversations that pass in one quadrille, or in a quarter of an hour of an "at home," would relieve the fashionable world of the imputation of those high-flying speeches a page long, which their present annalists persist in putting into their mouths. Nor would the benefit of such a publication be confined to the dissipation of the melodramatic views of Belgravia which prevail in the stock three-volume novel. It would save a world of trouble to the manufacturers of that popular article of consumption. It would spare them the painful necessity of either

* *The Cost of a Coronet*. 3 vols. By J. M. Allan. London: Newby, 1862.

elaborating fashionable manners and customs out of their internal consciousness, or else obtaining the knowledge of them illicitly by means of confidential relations with the servants' hall.

It certainly would be of much service to Mr. Allan, the author of the book before us. If his descriptions really are based upon the authority to which we have referred, we can only recommend him to avoid imaginative and impulsive young footmen, and always to go to the butler when he wishes for accurate information. But his views of life in every sphere are altogether so much more suggestive of the teachings of a Surrey Theatre than of any other school of thought, that we are inclined to doubt whether his fashionable descriptions can be fairly charged upon any other imagination than his own. His hero, Mr. Henry Lester, is a literary man who, having no money, resolves to commit suicide by jumping into the Regent's Canal; but when he reaches the bank, it occurs to him that the splash may possibly alarm the passers-by, and that if he wishes to be drowned comfortably he must put off the jump till nightfall. It is still early, and, quoting the example of Cato, he determines that the most heroic way of dying will be to spend the interval in walking round the British Museum—which accordingly he proceeds to do. Then we have many pages of such interesting novelties as that Leonidas was killed at Thermopylae, and that the Senate thanked Varro for not despairing of the State—these and many similar incidents being supposed to be the matter of Lester's reflections while he was waiting till it was time to drown himself. When he had finished these meditations, it further occurred to him that he ought to go and say farewell to the world of youth, beauty, fashion, and love—which, being interpreted, means Rotten Row. When, in pursuance of this theory, he gets to Rotten Row, he is touched upon the shoulder by a personage who acts as second hero, or villain, in the piece. This gentleman, whom Lester knew as a French master in a country town, now appears as M. le Comte de Beauregard, a noble of ancient French descent, who has been restored by the French Emperor to the estates of which he was unjustly deprived in 1848. The Count is the most fashionable man in this country, and is the author's ideal of a dandy; and the fascination of his character is supposed to consist in the kind of magnificent dash of which Sidonia and Monte-Christo were the first impersonations. He reminds Lester of their acquaintance, puts him on a horse then and there, sends his groom home to order dinner for two from Verey's—which is apparently the way dandies usually get their dinner—and introduces him on the spot to Lady Melford, the leader of London fashion, who is opportunely riding by. The suicidal author and the leader of fashion, being thus introduced in Rotten Row, then stop their horses, and proceed to discuss Juvenal and Wordsworth, and many other learned matters, in long set speeches to each other. This is indeed the general style of their subsequent intercourse. They meet shortly afterwards at a ball, at which the leader of fashion entertains her new friend with an harangue six pages long about Voltaire, the Tusculan disputations, the Athanasian Creed, and the merits of the preaching of English clergymen. The author has hit upon the happy idea of using the conversation of his fashionable characters as a vehicle for the expression of his own opinions upon theology and metaphysics—a practice which makes them talk a great deal more nonsense even than is ever perpetrated, upon much humbler subjects, by their originals in real life. The rest of Mr. Lester's adventures are insipid after this sudden transition from suicide in the Regent's Canal to a learned flirtation with the leader of fashion. Eventually he falls in love with her, and sends her a copy of very dull verses. With that facility which leaders of fashion always display, she waits for no further solicitation, but sends him an assignation by return of post. He is introduced, at ten at night, by a confidential French maid, through a turret staircase, to a boudoir hung with pale pink silk. English proprieties drive the author out of the well-worn groove along which a French author beginning in this way, would have travelled. Instead, therefore, of a simple love scene, it is a sort of love-and-murder scene. Lady Melford, with many introductions of singing, music, sentiment, kissing, and so forth, promises Lester her love, if he will only murder his friend the Comte de Beauregard. Lester declines the proposition and retires hastily, surprised (he being only a poor author) at the eccentricities peculiar to ladies of fashion. After this he withdraws from the world of fashion and his career becomes unexciting. He finally very nearly marries a young lady of heterodox opinions, given to good works; but she turns out to be a "penitent," and so, to save the sentiment of the thing, she dies of a fever in the last chapter, and leaves him all her fortune.

The Count is more entertaining, for he is fashionable to the last. The author takes great delight in describing his fashionable ways, his furniture, his dress, and all that marked him for the natural ruler of the Belgravian world. His toilet is recounted with impressive detail and in elevated language, as by one who feels that it is his mission to astonish the ignorant natives for whom he is writing. The Count does not put on a shirt with the simplicity with which ordinary mortals would perform that familiar process. The author's heart is in his work, and his diction rises to the dignity of his subject. "The valet assisted his master to divest himself of his brocade dressing-gown, preparatory to inducing the chemise of the finest cambric, exquisitely starched." But the incident which rouses even Henry Lester to remonstrance, and which the author himself relates with a subdued feeling of awe, is that the Count actually washes his feet. When the authorized Belgravian novel for which we have petitioned shall appear, we trust that, among other things, there will be included, for the benefit of Mr. Allan, an accurate description of the

ablutions prevalent in the fashionable world. Madame de Staël was practically of the same mind as our author upon the great subject of feet-washing when she observed meditatively, "Nous lavons nos mains tous les jours, mais nos pieds jamais;" but at least she had the grace to be surprised at the anomaly. The Count's morals, however, were not so cleanly as his person; and he does and suffers many things which Mr. Allen looks upon as curious, though not so curious as this paradoxical ablution. He had originally, while still a teacher, fallen in love with Lady Melford, then a girl. She jilted him for a better match; whereupon the Count registered an irrevocable oath to be revenged upon her and her sex. He takes the latter first, and begins by seducing an earl's young daughter to whom he had given lessons. Having done so, he calls upon the Earl, who placably entreats him to marry her. But the Earl had on one occasion spoken to him uncivilly; and so the Count revenges himself in a melodramatic speech, which we will quote as a specimen of our author's style:—

Lord Belton was speechless as the Count stepped forward, and throwing his glove on the table, hissed through his clenched teeth—"Proud upstart, I swore to be revenged and I have bided my time. Learn in future to know and respect the rank to which you would aspire. You have been ennobled by the favour of a minister in return for being a political tool. The founder of my family won his spurs on the field of battle. I make your daughter a countess! I receive her hand as a favour from you! . . . Beware old man, touch me and you die. There is my name and address when you want me," and flinging a card on the table, the Count, with a pistol ready cocked in his hand, made his way past the servant whom Lord Belton's bell had summoned, and left the house.

This is the commencement of a long series of "revenge on the sex." Among others, he honours Lady Melford, now a married woman; but he declines to go so far as to elope with her, which he considers inconvenient and embarrassing. It is on this provocation that she tries, though in vain, to induce Henry Lester to murder him. Having failed once, she resolves to make no mistake the second time. Accordingly, she inveigles the Count into a last meeting in the pink room, and having tried her powers of persuasion upon him again in vain, she shoots him dead and poisons herself. Thus the two leaders of fashion disappear together; and Lester and the French maid, and the valet who used to help the Count to induce his chemise, rush in just in time to make a *tableau*. For the benefit of readers who may be inclined to doubt whether ladies who "lead the fashion" are likely to be so handy with their pistols, or so anxious for elopement, it should be added that the author intimates in his preface that his story is founded on "an attentive observation of facts, as gleaned from current journalism."

COOKS AND COOKERY.*

A CLOUD of books on Cookery and Domestic Economy suggests a treatment of the subject bearing some proportion to the discursive method employed by our instructors. There is at least one common ground from which they all start. It is agreed that the general English cookery has arrived at the very lowest pitch of degradation. Undoubtedly, cookery is a test of civilization, and it is a serious subject for thought if, in any large department of social life, we are retrograding. It becomes an important and interesting question to investigate the causes of our alleged inferiority; and although it is easy enough to say that we have bad cooking because neither do the cooks know their work, nor do the mistresses know how to teach them, yet but little is gained till we have ascertained why this is the case in England. In trying to get at the cause, we are forced back upon broad considerations of our social state. All the cookery-books in the world are useless unless we can find out what are the peculiar conditions of society to which we can trace the evil of bad dinners. It is not the fact that there is no taste in general English society for sound, healthy, economical cookery. It is not the fact that the British joint, with all its wasteful expenditure, is peculiarly suited to the national palate; for in the old cookery-books and receipts of three or four centuries ago, the Roast Beef of Old England was utterly unknown, and the cookery was, under different social conditions, as refined and elaborate in its way in Plantagenet and Tudor days as it is now at the Trois Frères. It is no discovery of modern medicine or economical science, that health is promoted and a saving of expense gained by choice cookery. Cookery has declined only because there are no cooks; and if it is asked why there are no cooks, paradoxical as the reply may seem to be, the answer is, because society has advanced so much, and we are so very rich. Cooks—and the same may be said of domestic servants generally—are scarce because the class from which domestic service is recruited is becoming remarkably small. Domestic service is not now a calling for life. It is a mere stop-gap in female existence, and women only have recourse to it as a means to something else. It is only in countries where there is slavery, or where civilization is at a low pitch, that domestic service is a lifelong calling. In England, we have outlived the age when the supply of servants exceeded the demand. With the demand increasing

- * 1. *Francatelli's Cook's Guide*. R. Bentley. 1862.
2. *The Family Save-All*. W. Kent and Co. 1862.
3. *Everybody's Pudding Book*. R. Bentley. 1862.
4. *Francatelli's Cookery Book for the Working Classes*. Bosworth and Harrison. 1862.
5. *Dinners and Dinner Parties*. Chapman and Hall. 1862.
6. *The Lady's Guide to the Ordering of her Household, and the Economy of the Dinner Table*. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1862.
7. *Doctor's Book of Household Management*. Decton, 243, Strand. 1862.

tenfold, the class from which household service was recruited is constantly shrinking. Even unusual wages for household servants will not attract women from other and equally profitable employment, where there is no confinement, and where the restraints of domestic service do not exist. In America, as is well known, and in the English colonies, servants are nearly extinct; and the boarding-house system is only adopted because home cookery and the domestic table are simply impossible. The more civilization advances, the fewer will be the inducements for women, and, above all, for men, to enter into domestic service. The fewer will be the cooks, and the worse will be our cookery. It is a melancholy prospect if we are doomed at last to become so very civilized, and so very refined, and so very rich, that we shall die of starvation in the midst and by reason of our plenty.

Thinkers have arrived at the conclusion that it is high time to try to remedy an evil which every housekeeper of five hundred a year feels to be the very curse of English existence. It is not a moral declension so much as an inevitable result of economical advances. Masters and mistresses are certainly as much alive to their duties towards servants as they were two centuries ago; and though it is easy enough to say that education and cheap dresses have ruined female servants, still, if it were the interest of women to be good servants, they would be good servants. But it is not their interest. It does not suit more than a very limited class—those who command the highest wages and get places in the very highest families—even to learn their business. If an unskilled workman is always sure of employment at good wages, and if there is always an active competition to get his service, there will be few or no skilled workmen. And the more demand there is for his service, the lower will be the average of his skill. And even if to-morrow a general combination of masters against servants were attempted—if we were all to be very particular about giving characters, and most strict in requiring cleanliness, order, and honesty—the only result would be still further to limit the source from which we draw our present most inadequate supply. It is proposed to educate female servants—to introduce what is called industrial work into our elementary girls' schools, and to establish schools of cookery. Such a supply will be absorbed by the employers whose income is five thousand a year, but will never reach the masters and mistresses of five hundred a year. In one of the best books on the subject we have seen—*The Lady's Guide* (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—it is proposed, and the authoress pledges her own experience to the success of the scheme, that the mistress, having first educated herself, should educate an ordinary kitchen-maid; and this plan, if pursued, she says, would give a first-rate cook in every ordinary household where the revenue is only one thousand a year. One of this lady's predecessors began her receipt by the sound preliminary, "First catch your hare." We should like to know how *The Lady's Guide* can teach us, having first caught and taught our cook, to keep her? Such a cook, so experienced and so skilful, as *The Lady's Guide* depicts, would easily command fifty pounds a year wages; and are we seriously, with an income of only a thousand a year, to make up our minds either to give such wages, or to resign ourselves to the unutterable horrors of the British *cuisine* as it is?

Only one alternative seems possible—which is for the mistress herself to be in fact the cook. Yet this is, in fact, an impossibility. The very same causes which are tending to the extinction of the cooking servant make the cooking mistress equally impossible. It would be indeed—

Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas,

to bring back our wives and sisters to the Tudor or Stuart standard. The mistress of middle-class life among ourselves is for ever elevated above the still-room and the kitchen. We do not follow *The Lady's Guide* in saying that the mistress ought never to go into her kitchen. On the contrary, we would assert that she must be a frequent visitor to the lower regions. But Proserpine must assist in the kitchen in a deliberative, not in an administrative, capacity. The stupid and vulgar feeling that it is ungentle to know anything of domestic management is deservedly extinct. The superfine young lady who did not know whether an egg was to be boiled one hour or two, is exploded. Such a pretty creature, if she now exists, is certain never to have a house in which she can correct her culinary ignorance. But even if it were desirable, which it is not, that the mistress should be cook, to suggest this remedy for our social evils is to talk Utopia. All that can be expected—and less than this is not to be permitted—in the case of the mistress of the household in our better ranks of middle-class life, is that she should be constantly on the watch over the details of the household.

We have perhaps drawn a disheartening picture of the future of the English *cuisine*, and we own to not seeing our way to the day of regeneration. All that we can do is to suggest palliatives of the existing evil. It is something to admit that it exists. The very reason that our booksellers' shops are crowded with domestic homilies is to be found in the groans of the dinnerless Britons. And while every preacher of repentance below stairs thinks that he has discovered the national sin, we may as well take up our own parable. Some writers tell us that our *cuisine* fails because we do not understand the art and mystery of the stock-pot. Others assure us that if we would but discard the plain roast and boiled, we should see a true social revolution. It is urged that if the Three Courses and a Dessert were exchanged for a *menu à la Russe*, all would be well. Why not try a stew instead of the perpetual charcoal and blood of our daily roast? asks another

reformer. Not one of these suggestions but has its value; but in all the cookery-books that we have studied, the real plain truth has not been dinned into English ears. We are, in some respects, the dirtiest people that ever attained a high social civilization; and till we know and own this humiliating fact, it is useless to descant upon choice cookery. We are not dirty in our persons; but we are dirty in our houses, dirty in bower and hall, dirty upstairs and downstairs, and even in my lady's chamber, dirty in our carpets and curtains, dirty in our closets and cupboards, dirty on our staircases and among our books, dirty in our kitchens and cellars, pantries and sculleries, and dirtiest of all in our cookery. The real excellence of foreign cookery over English is that it is scrupulously clean. If it may be doubted whether we have, as we think, godliness above all the nations of the earth, in the next virtue, which is that of cleanliness, we certainly do not shine. Very likely many of our readers will resent this audacious affront on their self-complacency. *Fiat experimentum.* Has the mistress or the master the courage to say that they dare to inquire what is the state of their drains—whether there is any festering heap of grease and putrid bones stowed away in cooking utensils—whether they know if the pots and pans, the soup-kettle and the frying-pans, the gridirons and the copper stewpans, are ever, and how often, cleaned? Will they venture to investigate the rare intervals at which carpets are taken up, curtains dusted, or floors scrubbed, in a fair London house? The old British tinder-box is now an object for an archaeological museum, and another generation will see the duster and the broom a domestic article of equal rarity. To see and feel the existence of dirt in a household is a matter of education. A poor girl lacks the faculty of discovering the existence of dirt, and the mistress dares not see it. If any mistress were to be so ill-advised as to have the carpets taken up and the floors scrubbed above once a year, when the family is out of town, and when the one annual charing is to be done by hired aid out of the house, she would instantly receive notice to quit from the outraged sensibility of the Betty Broom of the period. But we are not discussing housemaids—we are preaching upon cooks.

Let us take the most familiar and fundamental instances of our national inferiority in the kitchen. There are probably few things in which failure is more universal in an English household than in these three—to trim a lamp, to make a cup of coffee, and to cook an omelet. There is not a cabaret in France where these domestic operations are not performed without the slightest risk of failure—there is not one family in a hundred where these simplest of all operations are successfully achieved among ourselves. And yet each of them only depends on scrupulous cleanliness. How many of our readers ever investigated the state of the boiler in the kitchen range, or ever discovered that six months is quite enough to deposit in it half a bushel of sand and a proportionate amount of solid conglomerate? We all know that the tea is very queer and the coffee very thick, but the suggestion is rare that all our cooking performances are conducted with the salutary aid of dirty water. How often is the cistern cleaned out? What about the gridirons and saucepans? A moment's comparison of the English and French *batterie de cuisine*, not only in extent but in neatness and cleanliness, would decide the sad fact that we are a very dirty people. And not only is our material spoiled by being cooked in dirty utensils and with dirty water, dressed on a dirty dresser, and handled with dirty cloths or dirtier fingers, but the food itself is not half cleaned. A joint, to be sure, cannot be very dirty, though the art of "keeling" and skimming the pot is a thing of the past; but when we come to soup, fish, vegetables, and poultry, the proverbial peck of dirt becomes a daily necessity. Merely to pick, and wash, and dry a salad, requires something like an hour in France or Spain; and the distinguished foreigner who had discovered a fine caterpillar in his cauliflower at Mivart's not unnaturally thought it a refined national dish, and simply observed that he had only ordered *choufleur au naturel*. Why is our one national sauce—melted butter—a universal failure, but because it is always cooked in a dirty pan, often more than suggestive of yesterday's onion sauce? If action, action, action, was the first, second, and third requisite of Athenian oratory, let us be certain that to be clean is the primary condition of cookery; and let us ponder whether English cookery is not the dirtiest cookery in Europe. No cooks and a dirty *cuisine* are formidable obstacles to improvement, and until we have remedied these fundamental evils, Francatelli and other reformers, whose well-meant attempts we shall some day discuss, are but Job's comforters.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS.*

(SECOND SERIES.)

THE New Series of *Biglow Papers* of which the first part has just appeared—reprinted, we believe, from the *Atlantic Monthly*—has probably been written rather for English than for American reading. Mr. Lowell is no doubt aware that the popularity of the original work is greater in this country than his own. Americans have never seemed entirely to appreciate his inimitable drollery, either from the national deficiency in humour, which has been of late more conspicuous than ever, or from being too familiar with the dialect he employs to be keenly alive to its oddity and raciness. But the Englishmen who have been fortunate enough to fall in with the *Biglow Papers* have always

* *The Biglow Papers.* By James Russell Lowell. (Second Series.) London: Trübner and Co. 1862.

recognised in them a flow of genuine humour almost amounting to genius; and we imagine that it is Mr. Lowell's knowledge of the impression he has made which has tempted him to begin a second issue intended for the reproof of English unfriendliness or the correction of English ignorance. A silence of fourteen years has not, however, in Mr. Lowell's case, any more than in others, been favourable to the richness of his peculiar vein. He has contracted an air of solemnity which a harsh critic might call dulness; but still the new Papers contain here and there a stanza or a couplet as happily worded as ever, and, even when Mr. Lowell is almost dreary, there is something amusing in the pure Yankeeism of his expressions and idioms.

The first part of this Series contains two new poems—another letter from our old friend Mr. Birdofredum Sawin, and an ode called "Mason and Slidell, a Yankee Idyll." Mr. Sawin still dates from the South, in which he has become a slave-owner and a "Secesher." It will be remembered that, when we last heard from him in the old Biglow Papers, he had just returned from an unfortunate expedition after a runaway negro. Instead of catching, he had been caught by the negro, who "worked him like sin," and compelled him to teach him reading—

Altho' the critter saw
How much it hurt my morril sense to go agin the law.

At last, the negro found Mr. Sawin not worth his keep, and turned him loose again on civilization. It seems that, on reaching the first Southern settlement and proceeding to refresh himself at a public-house, a Colonel who was present accused Mr. Sawin of stealing the very negro who had oppressed him. A tarring and feathering, followed by a long imprisonment in the county jail, was the consequence. The onslaught of the Colonel is described in forcible language—

A feller thet sot opposite, arter a squint at me,
Lep up an' drawed his peacemaker, an' "Dash it, Sir," suz he,
"I'm doubledashed if you ain't him thet stole my yeller chettle,
(You're all the stranger thet's around,) so now you've got to settle;
It ain't no use to argerfy ner try to cut up frisky,
I know ye ez I know the smell o' ole chain-lightnin' whiskey;
We're lor-abidin' folks down here, we'll fix ye so 's 't a bar
Would n' tech ye with a ten-foot pole; (Jedge, you jest warm the tar;)
You'll think you'd better ha' gut among a tribe o' Mongrel Tartars,
'Fore we've done showin' how we raise our Southun prize tar-martyrs;
A moultin' fallen cheribim, ef he should see ye, 'd snicker,
Thinkin' he hed n't nary chance. Come, gentlemen, let's liquor;
An', Gin'ral, when you've mixed the drinks an' 'chalked 'em up, tote roun'
An' see ef ther' 's a feather-bed (thet's borryable) in town.

At length, after Mr. Sawin had been ten years in prison, the real negro-thief turned up, and the charge against our hero was admitted to be all a mistake. Mr. Sawin became the object of a popular ovation, and the Colonel made him an apology:—

When I come out, the folks behaved mos' gen'manly an' harnsome;
They 'lowed it would n't be more n' right, ef I should cuss 'n' darn some:
The Cunnle he apologized; suz he, "I'll du wut's right,
I'll give ye settisfaction now by shootin' ye at sight,
An' give the nigger, (when he's caught,) to pay him fer his trickin',
In gittin' the wrong man took up, a most hell-fired lickin',—
It's jest the way with all on 'em, the inconsistent critters,
They're 'most enough to make a man blaspheme his mornin' bitters:
I'll be your frien' thru thick an' thin an' in all kins o' weathers,
An' all you'll hev to pay for 's jest the waste o' tar an' feathers:
A lady owmed the bed, ye see, a widder, tu, Miss Shannon;
It wuz her mite; we would ha' took another, ef ther' 'd ben one:
We don't make no charge for the ride an' all the other fixins.
Let's liquor; Gin'ral, you can chalk our friend for all the mixins.

Perhaps the best lines in the poem are those which give the complimentary resolutions passed at the public meeting. The English reader may be excused for thinking that Mr. Lowell's satire would not be less deserved or less pungent, if "Northern institutions" were substituted for "Southern."

"Resolved, that we respect
B. S. Esquire for qualiteries o' heart an' intellee'
Peculiar to Columby's sile, an' not to no one else's,
Thet makes Europian tyrans scringe in all their gilded pel'ces,
An' 'doos gret honor to our race an' Southun institutions:"
(I give ye jest the substance o' the leadin' resolutions:)
"Resolved, that we revere in him a soger' thout a flor,
A martyr to the principles o' libbaty an' lor:
Resolved, Thet other nations all, ef sot 'longside o' us,
For vartoo, larnin', chivverly, ain't noways wuth a cuss."

Being without the means of paying the Widow Shannon for the feather-bed he had spoiled, Mr. Sawin was compelled to marry her, and the rest of his letter is an appeal to Mr. Biglow to prevail on his New England wife, "Jerushy," to consent to a divorce. Much sarcasm at the South is spread over this latter part of the poem, but we are afraid it will be felt in this country that Mr. Lowell is happiest when his satire strikes at North and South alike. The best hit at the Confederates is the following application to their finance of their favourite argument from the practices of the Patriarchs:—

Our system would ha' caird us thru in any Bible cent'ry,
'Fore this onscripterl plan come up o' books by double entry;
We go the patriarkle here out o' all sight an' hearin',
For Jacob warn't a circumstancet to Jeff at financierin';
He never 'd thought o' borryin' from Esau like all nater
An' then cornfiscatin' all debts to sech a small pertater;
There 's p'ltickle econ'my, now, combined 'ith morril beauty
Thet saycrifices privit ends (your in'my's, tu) to dooty!
Wy, Jeff 'd ha' gin him five an' won his eye-teeth 'fore he knowed it,
An', stid o' wastin' pottage, he 'd ha' eat it up an' owed it.

"Mason and Slidell—a Yankee Idyll," is a direct remonstrance with Great Britain. It betrays the conviction, which Earl Russell's despatch may perhaps have slightly shaken by this time,

that the Southern Envoys were seized by Captain Wilkes on British principles, but were demanded by Great Britain on principles of International Law peculiar to the United States. We could easily forgive Mr. Lowell his injustice if his lyrics were half as good as those in his former volume, but we are constrained to say that it is extremely weak and poor. The following are the best stanzas:—

It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John,—
our cousin, tu, John Bull!
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
We know it now," sez he,
"The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet's fit for you an' me!"

Ef I turned mad dogs loose, John,
On your front-parlor stairs,
Would it jest meet your views, John,
To wait an' sue their heirs?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
I on'y guess," sez he,
"Thet ef Vattel on his toes fell,
'T would kind o' rile J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!"

Who made the law thet hurts, John,
Heads I win—ditto, tails?
"J. B." was on his shirts, John,
Unless my memory fails.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess,
(I'm good at thet)," sez he,
"Thet sauce for goose ain't jest the juice
For ganders with J. B.,
No more than you or me!"

The refrain of the second stanza is capital, and indeed the refrain is throughout the best part of the poem. Mr. Lowell is, however, mistaken, if he thinks that any impression can be made on English public opinion by verses like those below, which are merely a rhymed version of what may be read every day in the columns of the *Morning Star*:—

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A school-house an' a steeple.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, "I guess
It is a fact," sez he,
"The surest plan to make a Man
Is, Think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me!"

Our folks believe in Law, John;
An' it's for her sake, now,
They've left the axe an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plough, &c., &c.

COLLIER'S EDITION OF SPENSER.*

MR. COLLIER'S edition of Spenser is, in form and ornament, worthy of the poet, and those who like to read a favourite author in exquisite printing and spacious pages will be amply gratified by this handsome book. It has the further merit of containing the most careful revision of the text yet published. Todd, whose text is that of most modern editions, was not, as Mr. Collier shows, a vigilant editor. He let pass readings suspicious in themselves, and which a reference to the genuine sources of the text would have at once enabled him to correct. Indeed, he seems to have been negligent in considering the respective value and authority of the editions which he consulted, and to have simply turned from time to time to the original ones published by Spenser himself, instead of making them systematically the standard. The corrections which Mr. Collier has introduced from the earliest editions are generally of no great importance; but they are improvements, and where an authentic text can be given we ought to have it. We have not the means of fully testing the way in which Mr. Collier has performed this part of an editor's duty; but there is every appearance of care, and we see no reason to think that he has left much to be done in fixing the text.

He has added an elaborate Life of Spenser, and a number of selected and original notes to his Poems; but in spite of the labour spent on the Life, we do not see that Mr. Collier has thrown much new light upon it. His biography is one of those which eke out a great deficiency of materials by hazardous inferences from obscure facts, first treated as pleasing conjectures, and afterwards assumed as proved certainties. Thus, Mr. Collier is very proud of what he considers his discovery, that Spenser was first married in England, and was a widower when he wedded the Irish lady who is supposed to have been the subject of the richest and most vigorous of his poems—the *Epithalamium*. The proof is that the register of St. Clement Danes records the baptism, on the 26th of August, 1587, of "*Florence Spenser, daughter of Edmund*;" and that, in turning over many parish registers of the period, Mr. Collier has never found the combination of "Edmond" with "Spenser" except in this case. When Mr. Collier has added to this the improbability that a man of "such a delicate and susceptible mind would remain single till he was forty," he feels himself warranted for the rest of the biography to treat the matter as settled. A biographer is perhaps easily satisfied; but even Mr. Collier ought to have remembered that within twenty pages of his own biography the name of Edmund Spenser twice

* *The Works of Edmund Spenser*. Edited by J. Payne Collier. 5 vols. London: Bell and Daldy. 1862.

occurs, in neither case meaning the poet, and that though Mr. Collier conjectures that these Edmund Spensers are one and the same person, and the poet's father, there is nothing whatever to show that the fact was so. All that we really know of Spenser—his birthplace and education, the direction of his first poetical attempts, his friends, his settlement in Ireland, the dates of his publications, the ruin of his fortunes, and his most tragic end—might be told in a few pages; and there is nothing more wearying and provoking to any one who tries to keep distinct in his mind the line between what he knows and what he does not know than sentimental imaginations and guesses about feelings, purposes, and conduct which are absolutely hidden from us, and about the meetings, and mutual esteem, and pleasure in each other's society of men who, for aught we know, may just as well have never met, or have disliked each other excessively. There is a great deal too much of this in Mr. Collier; and though his learning is often curious and amusing, it tells us little about Spenser. It is, indeed, remarkable, that of one who was not an obscure man in his lifetime—the poetical pupil of Sir Philip Sidney, a gentleman of Leicester's household, the intimate friend of Sir W. Raleigh, the confidential servant of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who had been admitted to read his poem before the Queen—so little should have been noticed at the time or remembered afterwards. Still more remarkable is it, even in those days when great reverses of fortune were common, that such a man should have passed so suddenly from affluence and consequence to friendless ruin, with scarcely a hand stretched forth to help him. Four years after the marriage which is celebrated in the *Epithalamium*, Spenser's Irish home was miserably desolated. A rising of the Irish was like nothing but an attack of American savages on a Virginian settlement, or of Sepoy mutineers on an Indian cantonment; and Spenser suffered in an extreme form the effects of that social barbarism which he had described in his *State of Ireland*, and which had furnished the originals of many of the strange pictures in the *Fairy Queen*. There is scarcely a more affecting record of the overthrow of human prosperity than the scrap quoted by Mr. Collier from the notes of Ben Jonson's *Conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden*: "That the Irish [in the rebellion of 1598] having rob'd Spenser's goods, and burnt his house and a little child new born, he and his wife escaped; and after, he died for lacke of bread in King Street [Westminster], and refused 20 pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said, *He was sorrie he had no time to spend them.*" Yet he was buried next to Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, and the poets threw elegies, "and the pens they were wrote with," into his grave.

As Mr. Collier rather quaintly words it—"what we may or may not have lost, in the burning of Spenser's house, is incalculable;" but he does not think that we lost there the continuation of the *Fairy Queen*, and he quotes enough to show that it was a common opinion that the great poem was left half sung. Yet Mr. Hallam's judgment seems the right one, that the *Fairy Queen* does not lose by being left unfinished. At least it had little to gain as a whole by being increased by six books more. The end was not necessary to the beginning. Spenser soon found himself unequal to the management of his poem as a connected story, and relinquished the attempt to keep up the thread of a plot in order to indulge his genius in a series of scenes and pictures which might stop at any point or be indefinitely prolonged. This want of power to marshal and hold together his subject as a connected story is one of the things which seriously detract from the pleasure of reading him. He laboured under what Barrow calls a certain "unwieldiness of thought," and was not able to master and control the abundance of ideas and imagery which were for ever springing up in his mind. As his explanatory letter to Sir W. Raleigh shows, he thinks that he is copying the models of epic poetry when he simply reverses the "Historiographer's" method of beginning with the beginning, and leaves the causes and motives of the adventures of his knight without explanation, till he should come to describe, after all was finished, the event which gave rise to them. He "thrusts himself," as he says, "into the midst;" but he mistakes the difference that there is between beginning a story with a knot which is to be gradually unravelled as the story goes on, and introducing his readers abruptly to a series of unaccountable and unintelligible proceedings, about which there is no mystery to be solved, but simply a provoking absence of meaning, which a few words, needlessly withheld, might have explained. And as the poem goes on, he proves manifestly unable to cope with the complications of even his simple plot. He soon loses himself. The framework of the *Fairy Queen* is as loose and confused as that of one of Madlle. de Scudéry's romances; and there is no reason why its adventures should not run on to the same interminable prolixity. Such a plan would not be conducive to spirit and vigour in the composer as the work proceeded; and perhaps we may be satisfied that we have, unblemished by a feeble ending, a fragment which only shows the poet's "first sprightly running."

Mr. Collier has thought it advisable to accompany his edition with notes. The generality of the readers of Spenser undoubtedly want notes; and here is another drawback to his poetical excellence. Spenser's genius was rich and exquisite; but he wanted strength, and he could not resist the mistaken tendencies of the refined and clever people round him. The fashion of the time gave a dangerous turn to his taste; and we are afraid that Sir Philip Sidney, brilliant and admirable as he was, and the inspirer in Spenser of much that was noble and excellent, finished by half-spoiling the second greatest poet of his age. Sidney's influence led him to think it necessary to be imitative; and it led him also to affect the antique with the license of a period which

did not rightly understand what the antique was. The feeling that Spenser ties himself down to plans and models which are not his own, and that only the filling-up, beautiful as it is, and the lofty and native spirit are original, is, both in association and in its deeper and more inscrutable effects on our minds, a hindrance to enjoyment and admiration. We want a great poet to strike out a path for himself; and especially do we grudge his being trammelled by modes which have so much that is fantastic and unreal as the representation of the ideas of chivalry by the Italian poets of the renaissance. The want of naturalness in language is, if anything, a still greater fault. In Shakespeare and the dramatists, in Hooker and Bacon, we recognise the true native language of the writers' time, and it does not need much trouble for readers of the English Bible to understand and respond to it. But Spenser, unhappily we think, was tempted to use the unsettled forms and the great freedom of that age of the English language in which he lived, in order to give his compositions the character of an older time. He was from the first an experimenter on old or unusual forms, both of versification and expression; and it ended with that systematic and profuse adoption of forced and archaic types of words borrowed or invented by himself, which give a quaintness to the *Fairy Queen* which we do not feel in Shakespeare. Spenser requires notes, not because he wrote at a time the language of which is become obsolete, but because he preferred to the language of his own age a literary and artificial dialect, which was constructed to represent the language of an older time. It is true that the language of his day was in a far less fixed condition than it was in the days of Milton and Dryden, and this both facilitated his attempt, and, as is shown by many other examples of the same kind, made it less singular; but it is also true that the language of his day had a genius and character of its own which were not in harmony with Spenser's principle, and recalled the fast disappearing or forgotten features of the language of Chaucer. This was felt in his own time, as is shown in Daniel's objection to the "aged accents and untimely words" of the *Fairy Queen*, and in Ben Jonson's sarcasm, that Spenser, "in affecting the ancient, writ in no language." And the argument urged by his friends, as in the preface to the *Shepherd's Calendar*, that he was preserving and bringing again into use the riches of pure English, instead of "patching up the holes with pieces and rags of other languages," fails in two ways; for Spenser's unusual words were as often French and Italian as old English, and the attempt to revive old forms has naturally failed, for the very reason that these forms are represented as old. We owe the preservation of many more good old English words to Shakespeare than we do to Spenser.

Mr. Collier was therefore, we think, right in supposing that Spenser required illustration. But we are not satisfied with the notes which he has given. He seems to have gone on no plan in writing them. They are often given where they are not needed, and as often withheld where an ordinary reader would be very thankful for help. Mr. Collier seems to have written one where he had anything marked down in his memoranda, and a man of his reading, of course, will often give a good hint or illustration. But he does not seem to have given himself the trouble, where he had nothing already collected, to set about investigating for the purpose of writing a useful note. There is a capricious want of completeness, which shows itself still more inexcusably in his Glossary—an indispensable accompaniment to a writer like Spenser, and which, if carefully and thoroughly executed, might save many a note. Mr. Collier knows a good deal about the writers of Spenser's time, but he does not appear to have studied with any care the peculiarities of Spenser's language. Some of Spenser's unusual words and forms were plainly his own coining. Others, equally plainly, were words no longer in use in the common language, and borrowed from Chaucer and the older poets, or from the dialects. Of others, again, it is uncertain at first sight where they come from, or how far they were actually, though perhaps sparingly, in use. An intelligent reader of Spenser would like to have information on these points; but Mr. Collier makes very little attempt to supply it. His philological resources and acquirements seem of a limited and ordinary kind; and his remarks on the history and analogies of words, even where they are right, show an uncertain hold of the subject, and a want of acquaintance with the principles and results obtained during the last half century by the comparative examination of languages. It is not too much to expect that, if an editor of Spenser writes notes at all, he should be able to concentrate on Spenser's language, for the benefit of English readers, the knowledge which has been made good and accumulated of late years by the remarkable labours of German and native scholars.

Mr. Collier's notes, however, if of no great philological value, are concise, and, so far as they go, help the ordinary reader who merely desires to enjoy the poetry, without interrupting him. That for which Spenser is read, and read with a kind of reverent admiration by those—probably a more limited number than is commonly thought—who thoroughly enter into his spirit, needs no commentary. Spenser's pre-eminence among English poets is a remarkable thing; and it might have been thought beforehand that there was much to make it doubtful or not permanent. He owes it partly to the rich affluence of his poetical narrative, which, though employed on rather a narrow range of objects, never fails to paint them with luminous distinctness and inexhaustible variety—partly to the singular beauty and melody of his numbers, which, as Milton told Dryden, had been his own original, and on which he had formed and perfected his ear and taste for musical language. Spenser's vein of moral reflection, also, of which the

initial stanzas of his cantos are often fine instances, is a noble one. The truths on which he dwells, relating to man's nature and state, are familiar to us, but they are broad, grave, and impressive ones; and they are touched by him with a melancholy which yet is never gloomy or unmanly. But those who really enjoy Spenser enjoy him for something deeper. The secret of his hold on the mind is that pervading idea of the noble and beautiful in character which is the life of all his poetry, on which he is ever dwelling with delight, and which he is ever striving by fresh efforts to grasp and embody in its various shapes. He seeks continually to present it directly in itself, and also by contrast, side by side with its opposites and counterfeits. The coarseness which he throws into his warning pictures of baseness and evil is a familiar topic of criticism; but perhaps the boldness has not been sufficiently estimated with which he trusts himself to describe in the most glowing colours the alluring semblances which seem to come so perilously near to that pure and passionate love which he celebrates, and the undoubting confidence with which he shows that he can afford to challenge comparison between them, and that he is able to counteract the temptations of the one by the delicacy and sanctity of the other. Yet it is to be observed that Spenser's idea of manly and womanly excellence, though very high and beautiful, is a limited one. We look in vain in Spenser for the wide human interest of Chaucer or Shakspeare, as much as for the deep sympathy with nature of Milton. Spenser saw the ideal perfection of human nature in that remarkable and strongly marked type of character which had been developed in England by changes and dangers, and by the hopes and wonders of an opening world, in the later days of Elizabeth. The knight of ancient chivalry was only the outside mask. The passionate and romantic, yet serious and determined English gentleman of his own wonderful modern time, strung to high thoughts and purposes, in adventure, in learning, in love, was really in Spenser's mind, and inflamed his imagination. He shared, and perhaps more than any of his contemporaries he reflects, the proud admiration with which Englishmen of the time thought of the astonishing burst of vigour, intelligence, and manly enterprise in the society all round them, and which led them to turn the central person of the Queen who reigned over it into the idol of such an unspeakably grotesque and extravagant idolatry. Thoroughly to relish Spenser, a man ought to be an English gentleman, and to feel something of the political and religious enthusiasm of Elizabeth's reign; and it is probably because the *Fairy Queen* is so English in spirit and ideal, as much as on account of its peculiarities of language, that it is so much less known and cared for on the Continent, as Mr. Hallam tells us is the case, than the works of our other great poets.

BURGON'S LETTERS FROM ROME.*

THIS is a book the perusal of which is very trying to one's patience and temper. Its substance, indeed, is valuable enough. The author has enjoyed good opportunities of seeing Rome as it is, and of these opportunities he has made diligent use. He shows himself in these pages to be a good scholar, an orthodox theologian, and an accurate and conscientious observer. His account of the famous Codex B of the Vatican, his detailed descriptions of the Roman Catacombs, his polemical dissertations on the points in dispute between the Anglican and the Roman Churches, and his minute examination of the actual working of the modern Roman Catholic system, in its public services and its inner life, are all able, and all well worthy of attention from different classes of readers. There is, in short, little fault to be found with Mr. Burgon's matter. Nor do we mean to make a formal complaint of the somewhat incongruous union of religious controversy and serious archaeology with trifling gossip and flippant travel-talk in this volume; for with this kind of mixture a long succession of literary tourists has made us familiar. Again, we need do no more than protest, in passing, against the unreality and clumsiness of the author's avowed device of throwing into a smart epistolary form, as though they were Letters from Rome to various friends, the matured fruit of his observations and recollections written at leisure after his return. This method, indeed, combines the double advantage of being a subtle form of flattery to those whom he selects as his supposed correspondents, while it gratifies his own vanity by airing to the world his intimacy or acquaintance with a number of eminent persons. But it will not deceive any one into supposing that these effusions are the fresh and genuine records of the traveller's first impressions, nor does it make the assumed sprightliness and the laboured "geniality" of these pretended Letters any more tolerable to the critical reader. These blemishes, however, are small and superficial, compared with the more grave fault which we are obliged to allege against the tone and temper of the writer. So profound a self-satisfaction, so illiberal a spirit, in spite of much expression of a contrary feeling, towards his controversial opponents, so narrow a range of sympathy, and so supercilious a manner even towards those who agree with him, we have seldom seen manifested as in this volume. Almost every page presents examples of egotism and bad taste. In the controversial parts, the type positively bristles with capitals, italics, and notes of admiration—those cheap resources of a scolding disputant. As we have (we had almost said) the misfortune to agree with Mr. Burgon in most of his opinions and conclusions, we feel all the more acutely the faults of style and manner of which we now complain. The explanation probably is that the author felt

that he was writing for an admiring audience. But the sectarian tone, whether it be flavoured so as to please the readers of the *Record*, or (as in this case) the opposite religious school, is equally distasteful to those who are not partisans. The same excuse, whatever be its value, is to be offered, we suppose, for the private confidences and the fulsome compliments to the author's friends with which these Letters abound. It is to be regretted that some real friend did not counsel an extensive revision and curtailment of these pages before they were sent to press in their collected form.

Having thus discharged the less agreeable part of our duty, we may the more readily bear our testimony that, with these abatements, Mr. Burgon's Letters contain much important and suggestive information. Having filled for three or four months the temporary office of chaplain to the English congregation at Rome—"the most 'beautiful flock' I ever shepherded" (to use his own extraordinary phraseology)—Mr. Burgon had the good fortune to visit the catacombs under the guidance of the well-known Cavaliere G. B. De Rossi. To the same gentleman he owed an opportunity of minutely inspecting the Codex Vaticanus (B), of which, in two letters, he gives a very interesting description. He protests equally against the pretended facsimiles or representations of this manuscript given by Tischendorf, or Silvestre, or Mai, and against the "uncouth woodcut" in Horne's *Introduction*. He compares the general character of its writing with that of the ancient rolls found at Herculaneum. We know no equally good description of this Codex. Mr. Burgon explains very intelligibly the principle of the alterations made in this MS. *secunda manu*, and gives a facsimile, from a photograph, of the last verse of St. John's Gospel, which is ornamented with a peculiar monogram that seems to be the work of the original scribe of the fourth century. The inaccuracy and untrustworthiness of Mai's, or rather of Vercellone's, long-expected edition of this manuscript, and the defects of even the later octavo edition of the New Testament, are pointed out very clearly; but to Biblical scholars these particulars are no longer a novelty. Mr. Burgon argues that the actual date of this Codex may be even of the third century, while he boldly avows his belief that its text "is one of the most vicious extant"—a character in which he wishes the almost equally famous Codex D, of the Cambridge University Library, to share. It is curious to find this writer, well-informed as he usually is in such matters, repeating from Vercellone, as though it were a new discovery, that "there was a Vetus Italia"—an established Latin text of the Bible—before St. Jerome's Vulgate. It seems that a lady of the author's acquaintance, having read these letters when they first appeared in a religious newspaper, informed him, in colloquial phrase, that "Codex was very dry." This important remark is duly chronicled by the flattered letter-writer, who proceeds, in compliment to his fair critic, to translate, with obtrusive politeness, every word of Greek or Latin that occurs in his subsequent communications.

The Roman catacombs have of late been described by many travellers. Mr. Burgon's account, from which we proceed to borrow some passages, is good in itself, and is also a very favourable specimen of his style:—

You descend a long flight of stone steps, and then find yourself at the entrance of a dark subterranean passage or gallery. Having been furnished with a lighted taper, you proceed with your party in Indian file, in the direction indicated by the guide; lingering behind to examine the walls of the catacomb, and then hastening forward again for fear of being left behind by your companions. He who lingers to examine perceives that he and his friends are threading a passage some seven or eight feet high (more or less), and about broad enough to allow him freely to extend his arms. In some catacombs (that of Nereo ad Achilleo, for example) the passages are very long and straight; but for the most part they are circuitous and somewhat irregular in their construction. Transverse passages are also of constant recurrence; so much so, that a careless straggler would be tolerably sure to cut himself off from his party. Excavated in the tufa (a peculiar dark granulated volcanic formation, looking like coarse sandstone after rain, which is just soft enough to be hacked away with a spade, and yet just hard enough to retain the forms into which the *fossores* fashioned it fifteen hundred years ago) on either side of you are countless *loculi* or graves. Imagine in such a passage as I have described a horizontal excavation anciently made in the wall, just above the level of the ground, and exactly large enough to admit a human body—and a few inches above it another excavation—and just above it another—and just above it another. The appearance presented reminds one more of five or six berths in a cabin than of anything which is witnessed in an English vault. In this way about ten or twelve bodies were buried in the space of every two or three yards (for there are graves on either side of the passage); and after leaving the space of a foot or so, a fresh series begins, extending once more from the ground to the summit. . . . Originally every such *loculus*, or recess in the wall, was securely sealed. A long heavy tile, or a slither slab of marble (according to the rank of the occupant), fitted closely over the front of every grave, being secured in its place by cement. . . . Whether of tile or marble, however, these coverings of the graves (as they may be called) have been invariably removed from their places. . . . Such then is the strange and mournful spectacle which he who lingers behind his party sees everywhere around him. He perceives that he is threading a labyrinth of ransacked sepulchres. . . . The exception is to observe a few of the bones remaining; or rather the heap of pale damp dust which was once a human being. A profane hand has generally disturbed the deposit, which lies together in a confused heap—not stretched out at length. If you sorrowfully lift from its place a tibia, it yields to the pressure of your finger and thumb, and falls in white flakes to the ground. Only here and there does one see a solid bone or part of a skull.

Mr. Burgon goes on to notice the absurd exaggerations with which most of the professional guides of the catacombs delude ordinary visitors. He was more fortunate in his cicerone, who, as we have already said, was no less a person than the Cav. De Rossi himself. We presume that he is speaking in harmony with the conclusions of this distinguished antiquary (whose lucubrations on the Christian inscriptions of the first centuries of our era are

* *Letters from Rome to Friends in England*. By the Rev. John W. Burgon, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College. London: Murray. 1862.

anxiously expected), when he expresses his belief that these subterranean labyrinths were in the first instance Jewish cemeteries; and that their original construction and their enlargement and subsequent use by the primitive Christians were no secrets, as has often been supposed, from the authorities of the yet Pagan city. He ridicules, as they deserve, the vulgar notion that the majority of the dead of the catacombs were martyrs—that at least the presence in a *loculus* of the common glass or earthenware bottle so often found therein denotes a martyr, and that the pronged forks said to have been sometimes found were instruments of torture. He shows also that very little is to be learnt, in a polemical sense, from the symbols and descriptions and devices which have been obtained from the catacombs. We cannot help regretting that what Mr. Burgon has to tell us about these deeply interesting remains of Christian antiquity is not arranged in a more methodical manner. Eight or nine letters, principally addressed to the Rev. H. J. Rose, contain the results of his own observation and the facts which he has gleaned from books or from De Rossi's conversation. He tells us that about 6000 sepulchral inscriptions of the early Christians, belonging to the first four centuries, have been collected from the catacombs, and that two-thirds of this number are supposed to be earlier than the year 325. It was in the time of Constantine that the catacombs ceased to be excavated. Of these inscriptions 1250 are dated, with the names of the Consuls of the year.

From A.D. 71 (when De Rossi finds his first dated inscription) to A.D. 300, there are not known to exist so many as thirty Christian inscriptions bearing dates. From A.D. 325 the regular series of dated inscriptions commences, and goes down to the year 410. Scattered over those 85 years there are known to exist not less than 500 inscriptions bearing dates. Every year has its inscriptions. But in A.D. 410 Alaric took Rome; and of that year not a single inscription has been found. From this period onward *lacunæ* begin. The fifth century boasts of about 500 more dated inscriptions. Of the remaining hundred years to be accounted for, the former half of the sixth century claims 200 inscriptions; the latter half claims 50. Only 7 dated inscriptions belong to the seventh century of our era.

In arranging these epitaphs for his promised work on the subject, De Rossi has thrown much new light on the *Fasti Consulares*, and has had occasion to correct our English chronologer Clinton not unfrequently. Mr. Burgon himself gives a great number of these inscriptions, some of them in facsimile, and all of them with translations and annotations. Many of them are of extreme interest. Commenting on the word *depositio* as meaning burial in these epitaphs, Mr. Burgon remarks that it is exclusively a Christian expression, not to be found, either in Greek or Latin, in heathen epitaphs. He considers it a translation of the word *κατάθεσις*, applied to our Saviour's burial in Mark xv. 46; and reminds us that Bishop Sanderson began his own epitaph with the words "*Depositum Roberti Sanderson.*" The very same phrase was used, as some of our readers may have observed at the time, in the inscription on the late Prince Consort's coffin; and many may be surprised to hear that this somewhat unusual expression has so much authority. From a little slab of marble in the Museum of Naples Mr. Burgon gives us what he calls "as touching and as exquisite a thing as ever I read upon a grave" the few words—"In solis Tu mihi turba locis," which he translates metrically, "In lonely places Thou art crowds to me." The idea is, no doubt, pretty. Is it certain, however, that it comes from a sepulchral inscription? The writer gives us no context which might help to settle the point. Mr. Burgon's disquisitions on the catacombs and their inscriptions, which we consider by far the most valuable part of the volume before us, are concluded with some judicious remarks on the contrasts and resemblances between ancient and modern epitaphs, and on the evidence which these primitive records afford as to matters of doctrine among the early Christians. After many a gibe at the "mawkishness" of modern Roman Catholic writers on the subject, quoting in particular one Dr. Baggs and the more distinguished author of *Fabiola*, Mr. Burgon concludes with asserting an "Unequivocal sympathy of the Primitive Age with the English rather than with the Romish branch of the Church Catholic." But to arrive at this conclusion requires, we think, almost as much ingenuity on one side as has been displayed by his opponents on the other. The truth is that the catacombs teach very little that can be laid hold of by controversialists on either side. The few facts which may be gleaned from them are a testimony not so much to sectarian differences as to the oneness of our common Christianity. Into Mr. Burgon's descriptions of the modern Romish system of religion, which are searching and novel, this is not the place to enter; and still less into the few concluding letters "to an unknown correspondent," in which he disputes—hotly and intemperately, as it seems to us—against seceders from the English Church to Rome. These letters, which seem to have achieved a certain popularity already, will be widely read in their present form, and will be acceptable, in spite of the blemishes which we have noticed, not only to a considerable religious circle, but to many beyond its pale.

THE ST. AUBYNS OF ST. AUBYN.*

IT is satisfactory to find a book which probably fulfils most of the objects contemplated by its author. In congratulating or condoling with a writer on the fortunes of his publication, it is impossible not to be guided in some measure by our knowledge of the results which he proposed to attain. We can hardly be serious, for instance, in congratulating a tragic poet on the amusement which his poem appeared to create. On the other

hand, if the audience sheds tears, or even if it looks melancholy, where a comic actor intends it to laugh, it is out of the question to compliment him on his success. It is possible, indeed, to be unaware of the precise goal of a man's ambition, and in our simplicity to congratulate him on winning the race when he has in fact gone outside the flags. No doubt a *Senior Opt.* regards it as an instance of *ignoratio elenchi* if an illogical friend congratulates him on attaining the object of his wishes. But supposing that we know the exact ring of the target at which a man aims, the ring may be an indifferent one in itself, but relatively he is a good marksman for hitting it. Success, in fact, is not absolute, but relative. Before we can pronounce upon it, we must know what it was that was desired. If a man chooses to take the great Cardinal's advice, and fling away ambition, it is unfair to confuse our appreciation of his success with our estimate of his object. He has succeeded in what he intended, and is certainly *pro tanto* to be congratulated. This thesis was maintained not long ago with some felicity in one of our numerous monthly publications, and the writer had the usual triumph of a man who combines in himself the characters of counsel, judge, and jury. But the cause which he had to conduct was a good one, and probably the interests of justice did not materially suffer by the impossibility of offering evidence on the other side.

It is from this point of view that we are ready to felicitate the author of the *St. Aubyns of St. Aubyn* on his success. We believe from internal evidence that he had no very lofty aims in writing, and an unassuming ambition may fairly be satisfied by what he has achieved. When we say that many authors have been far more pretentious in their undertakings with a less respectable amount of success in their results, we say what we believe will satisfy the author that his time and trouble have not been thrown away. The heading of the novel, however, is in some respects unfavourable to its fair reception. We profess to be impartial critics, and we desire to approach the perusal of a first volume with an absolute freedom from prejudice or private feeling. Still, if an author succeeds in disappointing us at the very start, it is plainly against him. If he raises and even exasperates our curiosity without taking any steps to allay it, a morbid view of his production will probably be the result. This danger the author incurs, with or without good grounds, according to circumstances of which our ignorance cannot judge. For when a novel is put before us which we have some doubt about reading, it is not unnatural to desire at an early opportunity to know who wrote it. A novel in two volumes is a serious undertaking in these utilitarian days, and we like to see some name which may guarantee the speculation before we proceed to invest. Immemorial custom has recognised the probable existence of this desire, and has appropriated the title-page to its satisfaction. But in this instance the title-page, intended to gratify a thirsty curiosity, leaves the thirst unslaked. We are merely told that the *St. Aubyns of St. Aubyn* is a novel in two volumes, of which our senses have already apprised us, and that it is written by the author of *Charlie Nugent*. Now, if *Charlie Nugent* had lately riveted the attention of a discerning public, and its author's name was still upon the lips of men, it would be something to know that a second publication by the same author was a candidate for our perusal. But if *Charlie Nugent* only secured the applause of a limited though discerning circle, and has possibly by this time lost its place altogether in the general memory, there is clearly little satisfactory information given by referring the inquiring reader to the authorship of a book of which he perhaps never heard. If the author of the *St. Aubyns* has his reasons for declining to give his name, by all means let him withhold it. We must be content to remain thirsty. But let him not, if he is wise, refer us to *Charlie Nugent* for an explanation. No doubt Tantalus would have spent some disagreeable centuries, under any circumstances, on the condition of foregoing the usual allowance of that liquid which Pindar praised; but we have always understood the point and bitterness of his sufferings to have been that the means of satisfaction were put so close before him, and that he was fated always to hear the whispers of the rippling water as it murmured to the poetic breeze.

We judge, as we have said, from internal evidence, that the author discarded ambition when he set himself to write. The book has no pretensions about it. It does not inculcate a particular view of theology under the pretext of a fictitious story. It is even guiltless of desiring to point a moral. In this case there is no wholesome but distasteful powder concealed within the spoonful of jam. It is just a novel pure and simple, intended to interest and please, and we must confess, in praise of its author, that it succeeds in interesting and pleasing. The fortunes of the chief characters are held in proper solution to the last, and the reader rises from the perusal with no *arrière pensée* of self-reproach for having lingered over a story which did not deserve his attention. An author who contents himself with these modest aims deserves a kindly appreciation. It is something to have been merely interested and pleased. The intellect, which is perpetually on the stretch in a go-ahead age like the present, may feel grateful for an opportunity of pleasant gentlemanly repose. The author of the *St. Aubyns* presents us with this opportunity, and our readers may have recourse to it without misgivings. In the first place, we may allay the fears of a suspicious reader by assuring him that poetical justice is fairly meted out before the word *finis* is written. It is time perhaps that the phrase which appropriates such justice to poetry should be altered. Practically, there is little poetry written now-a-days, and when it is written it is not of a kind to need that distribution of rewards and punishments

* The *St. Aubyns of St. Aubyn*. By the Author of "*Charlie Nugent*," 2 vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1862.

which is understood to constitute poetical justice. Poetry in these times is of an introspective and subjective character, and delights rather to evolve from the consciousness of the poet than to marshal in fanciful array the phenomena of an outer world. The justice we speak of had better be described as the dramatic or the novel-writing justice, for it is on the stage or among the volumes of a circulating library that it is placing perhaps its last footsteps. Mr. Boucicault, for instance, obeyed the laws of justice when, in the first instance, he conducted the sorrows of the Octoroon to a melancholy conclusion. He violated the same laws when the Colleen Bawn concluded a drama of which every item pointed to a tragical dénouement, by being permitted to avow her marriage and to prepare herself for a future of unmixed felicity. But the laws of the novel are even more stringent than those of the drama in requiring the development of this justice. It is true that particular novelists are reported to have given way to the moral pressure of popular enthusiasm, and to have altered to order the predetermined cut of their conclusions. But this is rare, and can only happen where the system of monthly publication permits popular enthusiasm to express itself. As a rule, novelists have to settle for themselves what the requirements of fictitious justice are, and they endeavour to fulfil them according to their respective lights. The rule, as sketched roughly in outline, is to the effect that virtue must somehow be rewarded and vice punished. The villain of the plot must be murdered by the victim of his crimes, like Lord Bellefield—or disappear in the storm of a coincident revolution, as was the intended destination of Don Juan—or fall a victim to the dangerous system which encourages express trains, like Mr. Carker. He must die somehow or other, and die, if possible, miserably, and with appropriate circumstances. Meanwhile, the virtuous hero and heroine, after shedding the *quantum suff.* of tears during the early pages, are permitted to dry them as the conclusion approaches, and discard their pocket-handkerchiefs as not required for further use. In the *St. Aubyns*, distributive justice takes a less marked shape. There is no particular villain to speak of. The only character that can fairly be taxed with any criteria of villainy is a wealthy parvenu who commits the crime of marrying the heroine when she is not attached to him. It is true that he proceeds to invest more deeply in villainy by ill-treating her after her marriage, but the prompt appearance of a penal bankruptcy and an apoplectic seizure speedily reduces him to order; and after exhibiting himself in a fairly virtuous form to the reader's admiration, he dies as soon as the loitering hero is prepared to marry his widow. But the justice of which we have spoken manifests itself in more delicate and artistic guise. It consists in killing, not those who are too bad to live, but those who have no business to live. To encumber the pages of a novel, to stand in the writer's way when he would fain be developing his plot, to be a snare to all sorts of characters whom the writer wishes to preserve from any snares whatever, is a crime deserving of death, and our author distributes death accordingly. The only pity is that the reader may perhaps disagree with the writer as to which of the characters would have suffered removal with most advantage. Thus, in the novel before us, two young ladies start pretty nearly fair for securing the interest of the reader. They are both lovely, about the same age, equally adapted for general admiration. It is true that, whereas one has only a large fortune, the other is heiress to an enormous one; but we are given to understand that the enormous fortune is in some measure dependent on speculation, and, on the whole, one seems as likely to make a good heroine as the other. It is plain, however, that there is not room for two suns in the same sphere, and one young lady must be removed. The author accordingly burns one. Here we have two grounds for hesitation in our approval, and we are sure our readers will agree with us. Perhaps the author burns the wrong one. If the enormous fortune is going to turn out a myth, it is beyond doubt that he will have burned the wrong one. Eventually there seems so much uncertainty regarding the fortune, that we confess to rising from the perusal with very grave doubts on the subject. Secondly, we submit to the author, for his future guidance, that he was unnecessarily hard-hearted and cruel in the mode of carrying out his views of justice. Supposing that she was to be burned, she might at least have been burned in a sufficient, yet at the same time comparatively pleasing, manner. He is not content to introduce the dagger with gentlemanly address to some vital part of her system—he is for hacking her to pieces, and cutting her limb from limb. We submit that this could only have been justified on the grounds of her having been the female villain *par excellence* of the story. As it is, it is merely barbarous. These, however, are matters of detail. The writer recognises the demands of literary justice, and kills when he ought to kill. He may, as we have hinted, sacrifice the wrong victim; but human nature is liable to error, and he may guard against a similar mistake in his next publication. It is right to say that it is not only from observing his behaviour in this one instance, that we applaud the justice of the writer. Circumstances demand the removal of other characters in the course of the book; and he removes them with impartiality, though not always with the ingenuity we could have desired.

We forbear to give an outline of the story. It would, in fact, be unfair to do so. The interest of the book does not depend so much on the delineation of character as on the development of the events and the uncertainty which shrouds the conclusion. A reader who began with the last volume would never revert with

interest to the first; but readers of novels that merely intend to interest have no business to begin with the last volume. The story is a fair story, and deserves to be treated fairly. The writer, however, must excuse us for calling his attention to two points in which his art appears to be deficient. To introduce a single character who is not wanted in the least, and who has no influence on the story, is a needless stress on the reader's attention; but to introduce a whole family under the same conditions amounts to an error. The family of Dr. Finch appear to be intrusted with the mission of the Chorus in the Greek play, and converse, not always in an entertaining strain, on the successive phenomena of the story. But, in spite of the exquisite writing of those scenes in Bulwer Lytton's novel where the Caxton family plays a similar part, we are convinced that a Greek chorus in an English novel is simply an anachronism. As a second suggestion, the author's success in inventing names is very incomplete. In this respect he has not learned the lesson which Mr. Thackeray's example so admirably inculcates. Goldmore for the name of a millionaire, Sabretasche for that of an officer, and Jabez Cantwell for that of a methodist preacher, are melancholy contrivances for reducing to an absurdity what Mr. Müller calls "the great Bow-wow theory of language." We trust that in future attempts the author will be more happy in this respect. Meanwhile, those who enjoy novels simply as novels, will not find their confidence misplaced when they address themselves to the perusal of a book like the *St. Aubyns* of *St. Aubyn*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S-HALL.

—ON MONDAY EVENING NEXT, February 24th, the CONCERT will be for the Benefit of *M. VIEUXTEMPS*, being most positively his *Last Appearance* in England this Season. Pianoforte—Miss Arabella Goddard. Violin—*M. VIEUXTEMPS*. Violoncello—Signor Piatti. Vocalists—Miss Clara Frazer and Mr. Sims Reeves. Conductor—*M. BENOIST*. For full particulars see programme. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission 1s. Tickets at Chappell and Co's, 50, New Bond-street; Cramer's and Hammond's, Regent-street; Keith, Prowse & Co's, 48, Cheapside; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, Exeter Hall; Conductor, Mr. COSTA.—On Friday next, February 28th, *MEISELSSOHN'S LOBESANG* and *ROSEBORN'S STABAT MATER*. Vocalists—Mdlle. Titiens, Madame Salton-Dolly, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti.

Information respecting the GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL, also the Season Tickets of the INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, at No. 2, Exeter-hall, from and after Monday next.

GREAT HANDEL FESTIVAL,

23rd, 25th, & 27th June, 1862.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

NOTICE.—THE COMPLETE PROGRAMME of the Arrangements, with view of Orchestra of Four Thousand Performers and Block Plan of Reserved Seats, has been issued to the entire Post Office Court Directory, the Clergy List, the principal Clubs, the London and Country Press, all Railway Station Masters throughout the Country, and very extensively through other channels—Metropolitan, Provincial, and Continental.

Persons or Institutions, in England or abroad, not comprised within the above issue, may receive the Programme on application at No. 2, Exeter Hall; if by letter, also enclosing the requisite stamps for two ounces book-post.

Intending purchasers of Tickets are reminded that the Ticket Offices at the CRYSTAL PALACE and at EXETER HALL, will be opened for the selection and disposal of Reserved Stall Tickets on Monday Morning, the 3rd of March.

From the number of names on the register for early information, and from the large increase of visitors to London for the International Exhibition, which will be in full operation during the time of the Festival, it is requisite to remind persons preferring seats in any particular block, that it is most essential they should apply as early as possible after the opening of the Subscription books on the 3rd of March.

To ensure an equally fair issue of Tickets to applicants from a distance, the Committee pledge themselves to allot the Tickets alternately to personal or written applications, if accompanied by a remittance for the requisite amount. Post Office Orders and Cheques to be payable to the order of George Grove, Esq.

The price of Tickets is Two and a-half Guineas the Set for the Three Days, or One Guinea for each Ticket for One Day. A few Stalls will be reserved in each Corner Gallery, at Five Guineas the Set.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.—Notice is hereby given that the Offices of Her Majesty's Commissioners, 454, West Strand, will be CLOSED ON SATURDAY NEXT; and that on and after MONDAY, the 24th of FEBRUARY, all Letters and Communications must be addressed to the Secretary at the Exhibition Building, South Kensington, London, W.

Tuesday, 18th February, 1862.

By order,

F. R. SANDFORD, Secretary.

TRANSFER OF LAND.—IN ORDER TO GIVE THE

Lord Chancellor's Bill entire, the Proprietors of the *SOLICITOR'S JOURNAL* AND *WEEKLY REPORTER* have issued a Special Double Number without extra charge, published this day, price 6d., or with Reports, 1s. To make these Reports the earliest record of all important decisions, the Proprietors have also this week issued a Double Number of the *WEEKLY REPORTER*, which will include cases decided down to the very latest period before going to Press. The Two Double Numbers for 1s. 2d., Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn, W.C.

MONEY.—GENTLEMEN OF PROPERTY, HEIRS TO

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The SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on TUESDAY, Jan. 28th.

For Prospectuses, apply to either of the HON. MASTERS or to MESSRS. BELL and DALRY, 180, Fleet-street, London.

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SALE IN PARIS on the 17th, 18th, 19th March, 1862, of the magnificent Collection of ANCIENT and MODERN ENGRAVINGS formed by the Comte d'Artois of Milan. This fine Collection comprises the *chef-d'œuvre* of the following engravers: Raphael Morghen, Longhi, Muller, Nanteuil, Masson, Edelinek, Woodcut, Willé, &c. &c. Amongst them will be found the "LAST SUPPER" by Raphael Morghen, unique proof before Artist's name, and with the "plate white"; the "Car of Aurora," proof before letters; the "Madonna di San Sisto," by Muller, before all letters, &c. &c. Catalogues may be had in Paris of Mr. Cressier, Printer to the Imperial Library; and in London of Messrs. Colnaghi, Scott, and Co., 13 and 14, Pall Mall East; and of Messrs. BATHES and LOWELL, 14, Great Marlborough-street, London, W.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING FREEDOM OF PUBLIC WORSHIP as the BASIS of the PAROCHIAL SYSTEM, and the WEEKLY OFFERTORY as the SCRIPITURAL PLAN of CHURCH FINANCE. 1, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C., and 14, Ridgfield, Manchester. Bankers: Messrs. Cunliffe, Brooks, and Co.

"VOCAL GYMNASICS."—Mr. DOUGLAS THOMPSON, Professor of Elocution to the Royal Academy of Music, will attend his Pupils in Town Daily till further Notice, 4, Tenterden-street, Hanover-square.

FROM TESTIMONIALS.
From the Rev. Thomas Scott, M.A., Chaplain to the London Hospital:—"London Hospital, Feb. 4, 1862. Dear Mr. Thompson.—As you tell me there is no need for me to go on any longer with lessons from you, I feel that I must at once write to thank you for all the pains and skill which you have bestowed on me. I have the strongest sense of the great benefit which I have derived from your instructions. I can now go through almost any amount of Sunday duty without fatiguing the organs of voice. Indeed reading aloud costs me now less than half the exertion which it used to do, and if I may trust what friends tell me, I read with very much greater effect than before. I have already done what I can to recommend you as a Teacher of the neglected art of Reading-aloud, and hope never to omit an opportunity of speaking your praises. I shall be glad if you will send me some more copies of your testimonials. I enclose a cheque for the balance of your fee. I wish I always drew one with equal satisfaction. I am, dear Mr. Thompson, yours very heartily, T. SCOTT."

From the Rev. Hugh Fowler, M.A.—"College Gardens, Gloucester, April 23rd, 1857. I beg to certify that Mr. Douglas Thompson gave instruction to the boys of my school in Elocution, for several weeks last year. I had much pleasure in delegating this part of my duty to a gentleman so accomplished in the art, and I can say confidently that the boys made excellent progress under his tuition, as was evinced by the admirable manner in which many of them acquitted themselves on the Speech Day, for which he was preparing them. HUGH FOWLER, M.A., Head Master of the Cathedral School, Gloucester."

DU CHAILLUS'S GORILLAS have returned to the "FIELD" Window.

TO BOOK BUYERS.—J. S. LESLIE'S CATALOGUE of Second-hand Books for the present month, contains a good selection of works of interest in Theology and General Literature, offered at very moderate prices. Post-free on receipt of a stamp. JOHN S. LESLIE, 35, Great Queen-street, W.C.

HEADMASTERSHIP.—SWANSEA GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 1852. Persons desirous of receiving this Appointment are requested to forward their applications and testimonials to the Official Visitor, C. R. M. TAYLOR, Esq., M.P., F.R.S., Margam Park, Glamorganshire, on or before the 5th of March next. The Master will be at liberty to take Boarders. Copies of the Bye Laws and other particulars may be obtained on sending eight postage stamps and address to Mr. William Morris, Stamp Office, Swansea. GEORGE GRANT FRANCIS, F.S.A., Chairman of the Feesibles. Swansea, 17th February, 1862.

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	14 years.	61 2	95 10
	21 years.	75 2	108 0
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ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE OFFICE.

ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON, 18th February, 1862.

THE COURT OF DIRECTORS OF THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE DO hereby give Notice, that a General Court of the said Corporation will be held at their Office at the Royal Exchange, on WEDNESDAY, the Fifth of MARCH next, from Twelve o'clock at Noon till Two o'clock in the Afternoon, for the Election of a Director in the room of Charles Farquharson, Esquire, deceased, which Election will be declared at such time as the General Court shall appoint to receive the Report of the Scrutineers.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

The Chair will be taken at Twelve o'clock precisely.

N.B. Printed Lists of the Proprietors qualified to vote will be ready to be delivered at the Office on Saturday the 1st of March next.

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30	2,000	33 8 4	25 7
40	3,000	101 17 6	82 4
50	4,000	225 13 9	168 13 4

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20	£1,000	£1,475	£1,700
30	2,000	2,507	3,379
40	3,000	4,372	4,982
50	4,000	7,131	8,023

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